JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 1.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 69. Saturday, September 28th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

Last week we published the drawn numbers relating to our issue of August 17th. The following claims have been received in respect of that issue. Cheques have been forwarded accordingly.

Mr. R. H. HOUGHTON, Ivanhoe House, Raby Gardens, Bishop Auckland (No. 416008).

Mr. RICHARD E. WELLINGTON, c/o Messrs. Thos. Wallis and Co., Ltd., 7, Holborn Circus, E.C. (No. 431406).

As we have, up to the time of going to press, received only two claims in respect of our issue of August 17th, we repeat the ten numbers.

416,008	425,533
431,406	357,681
385,727	371,349
382,608	414,372
434,033	394,759

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 24TH:—

506,062	535,094
469,960	473,955
484,272	482,268
508,725	531,881
471,919	494,546

We shall be glad to hear from any readers possessing any of the above numbers.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 31ST.

All claims must reach us not later than first post on Monday, September 30th.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 2ND (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 31ST).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

We recently gave some striking testimony to the accuracy of our prophecy that the effect of the Street Betting Act would be to drive the evil into the factories, mills, and workshops. A correspondent sends us an extract from the *City Press* of August 29, 1857, shortly after the passing of the Act closing the old betting houses, and points out how what happened then illustrates our point. Here is what the *City Press* of that time said :—

> The Betting House Evil Transferred to the Streets.—In consequence of the proceedings against betting houses, those who make a trade of betting with all comers have adopted a new plan—they have taken to the streets, transacting their business in the highways. The collection of people around them, the chaffering and the obstruction of the footways, have become a nuisance, which the police of London have been instructed to suppress.

It is the old story. You simply drive the evil from one place to another—and think you have abolished it.

As the Stock Exchange and the railway directors are agreed that the formality of taking a ballot of the railway men on the question of a strike is "all bluff," we suppose they must be left to nurse their opinion. The newspapers have assured us over and over again that the directors do not believe there will be a strike, and that, if there is, it will soon be over, with the men down on their knees. We are told that the Amalgamated Society have only £350,000 in funds, and that this will not go far in providing 200,000 men with £1 a week each. An engine-driver who does not belong to the Amalgamated Society, and is in the service of the Great Eastern Railway, has confided to the ear of a reporter a similar view from his own side of the hedge. "I do not for a moment believe there is going to be a strike," he says, "but if it does come off, I know for certain that the men will be beaten—and beaten badly." This kind of talk is familiar on the eve of all big strikes; but that was a shrewd Yankee who said you should never prophecy until you know. One thing may be said. Mr. Richard Bell is not the man to bluff. The ballot will not be taken for nothing, and if the result shows a majority for a strike, a strike there will be, unless the railway companies make the road to compromise possible. If the strike were to last for only a fortnight—well, what would be the loss to the market? All right for the "Bears," no doubt, but "there are others."

The kernel of the nut is the recognition of the men's Union. That is to say, that the railway directors shall consent to meet the representatives of the men from time to time, or correspond with them, on the matter of alleged grievances. This the directors unanimously decline to do, on the ground that they are willing, and always have been willing, to meet the men themselves. The difference is material to both parties to the dispute. On the one hand, in recognising the men's Union the railway companies would be unable to smother grievances by the simple process of bringing men with grievances within wholesome sight of the sack. On the other, until the directors recognise the Union, the men are practically at the mercy of the companies as to pay, hours, and every other question concerning their work, for when a man is once marked by a railway company, his position is not made a bed of roses. No doubt if the men strike they will undertake a big job. It is not like fighting an isolated company. The whole of the railway interest, with its enormous capital, is now in combination to one purpose and one end. "*J'ai toujours vu Dieu du coté des gros bataillons*," said De la Ferté to Anne of Austria; and which are the bigger battalions in this case remains to be seen by the result. On the whole, we are inclined to back the men—at any rate, so long as they retain their present leader.

At the same time, we wonder whether either the workmen or the directors quite realise the far-reaching consequences of a great railway strike. We all take the facilities of communication so much for granted that we can scarcely imagine a breakfast-table without newspapers, a disorganised postal service, an impossibility of travelling from the suburb to the office, an absence of all the friendly little parcels which make their appearance at Christmas-time, a cessation of week-end visits—in fact, of all the little comforts and pleasures which have almost come to rank as necessaries. And all the inconvenience will weigh most heavily on the poor, who do not own motor-cars, cannot afford to send telegrams, and are expected to be punctual in business.

That is rather a curious row which the sufferingettes (who, by-the-way, seem to have done enough suffering for the present) have developed within their ranks. It seems that Miss Pankhurst wants to run the show on the principles of a benevolent despotism, always provided that the benevolent despotism is the Pankhurst family; while Mrs. Despard, the female warrior of the French family, wants to hand it over to the Independent Labour Party as a sort of going concern. Now there is a split in the camp, the Pankhurst cult going one way and the Despard cult going the other. With this latter is Mrs. Teresa Billington-Greig, the once famous Miss Billington, who fought with, or like, wild beasts at Ephesus in the days when strife was fierce. We suppose that the two sections will never speak as they pass by. But in that case the cause is lost.

How strange it is that whenever there is a movement which, from its unpopularity and the slenderness of its numbers, absolutely requires unanimity, there are always serious internal dissensions. Take Jacobites. When they were a great militant party, with romance and "divine right" on their side, they were always squabbling for precedence. If they had not so squabbled, we might now be subjects of Mary IV., instead of Edward VII. Unfortunately (or, perhaps, fortunately), whenever anyone starts an unpopular movement, he "means to lead" (like Mr. Balfour), and followers are far more difficult to discover than leaders. Only a genius acquiesces in the motto: "Reculer pour mieux sauter."

All success to Sir Thomas Lipton in his fourth challenge for the America Cup—the more so as he seems determined to defy the hand of fate by calling his new yacht "Shamrock IV." It is again to be a Fife boat, but, apparently, is not to be a shell. Personally, we do not believe the Yankees will ever make the conditions equal enough to give Sir Thomas or any other British challenger a fair run for his money. All the advantages have been on the side of America, because all the conditions of the race compelled lightness of build and great area of sail. To a yacht which has to cross the Atlantic before it can sail in American waters this is, of course, a serious handicap. "Reliance" did not win the last America Cup races at the last challenge because she was a better-built boat, but because the conditions told more in her favour. Apart from the build of the boat, there is the sailing, and here again it is obvious that the captain who is the more familiar with the Sandy Hook course will win, other things being equal. But this is a handicap which the challenger can be fairly called on to face, since it is in the nature of the competition. At any rate, Sir Tom knows what he is about, and although we are disposed to think that the Channel will be swum before the Cup is won, we drink Lipton's health—in a cup of his own.

At the Conference of that rather amazing body, the Institute of Journalists, in Scarborough, the other day, Sir Frederick Wilson, the President, said he desired to see the Press growing into greater independence of political parties. No doubt that would be a good thing. But until every editor is his own proprietor, freedom is impossible. All honours come through party politics in these days, and unless a paper serves a party (which means the little gang of men for the time being in power), its proprietor shall be neither baronet, nor peer, nay, not even a knight. And it is always the proprietor to whom the honour goes; seldom or never to the real working journalist—the editor who directs the literary fortunes of the paper. Perhaps, in some far-off millennium, every editor will be able to have a paper of his own, and then, certainly, the two-party system will have to go. We speak without any *arrière pensée* in this matter. We seek no honours. If the Government of this or any other day should desire to confer a signal mark of favour on JOHN BULL, we nominate Mr. James Crow for the distinction. He will carry it better than we could. Indeed, there is no man who can carry more.

The cataclysm is coming. Dr. Jameson, who was primarily responsible for turning South Africa into a bleeding hell, is being found out. But for that audacious and mad raid, the Boer war, with its toll of 25,000 British lives (to say nothing of the Boer ones), and its bill of two hundred and fifty millions sterling, would never have been fought. It is a pity that Kruger did not shoot Dr. Jim out of hand for his blundering crime. It was like his audacity that he should have accepted the Premiership of the Cape with a majority of one; it is characteristic of his impudence that he should have held on to it for four years with the Parliamentary tide running dead against him. Now the end has come. Dr. Jim is out with the dissolution, and if he does not go down in the onrush of the waters unwept, unhonoured, and unsung, then the diamond magnates of De Beers will, indeed, have reason for feasts of jubilation and songs of thanksgiving. But even the faithful Reuter is not optimistic concerning Dr. Jim's chances. We trust that the end of the reign of the mining magnates is near, and that the Cape will in future go hand-in-hand with the Transvaal and its little neighbour on a brighter and a cleaner path.

We fancy there will be a row in Bosnia before very long. The Austrian occupation was always resented there—first at the point of the bayonet, then sullenly. The safety of the Austrians lay in the dissensions between Moslems and Christians in the occupied provinces. Now at last those dissensions have been healed, and there will be a rising at the first convenient opportunity—unless, indeed, Servia concludes a treaty with Austria and obtains the right to administer Bosnia in return for other concessions. If there is a rising in Bosnia, it will certainly be assisted by Servian volunteers, as the Bosnian rising was against the Turks, for Servians and Bosnians are of the same flesh and blood. English public opinion would probably be on the side of the Austrians. But we cannot understand why the people who support nationalities struggling against Turks should discourage nationalities struggling against Austrians. Either there is an inherent right to freedom, or there is not. Sauce for the Turkey should be sauce for the Austrian hen.

We do not wish to be Cassandras, but we foresee trouble also in Montenegro. The Prince has no one but a few policemen to support his autocracy against a highland people, whereof every man, woman, and child is armed to the teeth. This answered very well in more primitive times, but many of the present generation have studied in foreign universities and returned with modern ideas. A spirit of unrest has arisen in consequence. There have been sporadic riots, which the police found it difficult to quell, and demands for a parliament, which was granted for a time. But the parliament wanted to control the finances of the principality, and Nikita, regarding such a claim as a personal insult, at once dissolved the assembly. He is now trying to create a standing army, but has no chance of success. If he wishes to die in his bed, he will do well to abdicate in favour of his son.

The *Saturday Review* asks:—

> Is it not an absurd thing that four of the ablest men in public life to-day—Curzon, Milner, Plunkett and Rosebery—should be unemployed by the State?

Why? Curzon may be all right as a superior person in India, but he has yet to win his spurs in English political life. Lord Milner retired from his prancing pro-consulship to the great satisfaction of all true Britons. Plunkett has the unfortunate habit of stirring up hornets' nests wherever he goes. And as for the Rosebery ghost, we thought that had been laid long ago. If we were mischievous, we should like to put this precious quartette into a "cabinet" and wait for the explosion.

The latest craze is the male beauty-show. At Folkestone the other day 58 fatuous males entered for a prize. If *Daily Mirror* photographs could be trusted, we would vow we had never beheld such repulsive beings as the prize-winners. Fancy any self-respecting Englishman deliberately curling his hair, waxing his face-moss, and exposing his dial through a frame for the delectation of villagt idiots! "Jim Crow" says he wishes he had been there with a supply of electioneering eggs; but they might have given him the booby prize.

Perhaps the most impudent form of Limerick competition yet started is that of the Marienbad, Kissingen, and Natural Spring Products Company, Ltd. To enter you must buy a £1 share. If you win, you will receive a free fare and a free fortnight at Marienbad (which is now almost deserted), or, as you will probably prefer, a sum of £100 in cash. The odds offered are scarcely magnificent, if we compare them with those of the weekly lottery papers.

Advertisements are often the most amusing part of a newspaper. This certainly applies to the begging appeals in the *Morning Post*. Some are piteous or whining:—

> IN DESPAIR and ALMOST HEARTBROKEN.—A delicate Young Daughter IMPLORES some Wealthy Kind-hearted Reader to send £50 to save the home for her invalid mother just recovering from serious illness; fullest particulars and references given; oh, do please help or contribute towards.

We can almost hear the tearful tones of the bootlace vendor in the gutter. But there is this difference, that he or she would be sent to prison for three months by Sir Cory Francis Cory-Wright, while these privileged mendicants go on unmolested. There is evidently one law for the rich and one for the poor among beggars. It is a crime to ask for a ½d. to buy bread, but quite right to spend 6s. on imploring £50.

Some are foolish:—

> PRIVATE LOAN.—To the Rich and Kind-hearted. Young Lady beseeches Loan of £150 upon good security, or would sell security; money urgently needed to pay off loans at high interest which she cannot keep paid; fullest particulars.

Why should she want to keep on paying off loans at high interest, and why does she not realise her security in the ordinary way? It is a matter for bankers, not for "the rich and kind-hearted."

Some lay stress upon their position :—

> ACTRESS.—Will any Lady or Gentleman LEND young Actress £30 for short time? References, no moneylenders. Full particulars by letter or interview.

We do not, of course, make any comparison, but we are reminded of some advertisements in French papers, where "a charming young brunette asks some benevolent gentleman to lend her 20 francs." The actress's advertisement bears a strong family likeness to the following :—

> YOUNG LADY Urgently REQUIRES LOAN of £30; will some generous person help her? Repay in short time; no moneylenders.

We would urge our rich and kind-hearted readers to exercise caution. We know a philanthropist who sent a few pounds to an advertising beggar-lady. He never saw her, but she kept asking for more money, and finally threatened to inform his wife of what she had received. Such is human gratitude.

The Highgate Shallows seem to have a strange sense of proportion. The other day Sir Cory Francis Cory-Wright, a luminary after Lord Halsbury's own heart, passed two characteristic sentences. A soldier was charged with inflicting grievous bodily harm upon his wife. He threw boiling water at her, then knocked her down, kicked her brutally, breaking a rib, and told the police that he meant to murder her yet. One month's hard labour. Next case: A carman was charged with "placing himself in a position to gather alms at Stroud Green." He had been out of work for months, he had three children, he owed 9s. for three weeks' rent, his wife was subject to fits, there was not a scrap of food at his lodging, and no furniture but a broken-down bed with rags on it. A constable learned that the wife had raised 5½d. in a week by selling iron-holders and laces. He was so much moved by her distress that he helped her out of his own pocket. Three months' hard labour. The carman's wife wept in court, and the chivalrous magistrate genially advised her to go to the workhouse. We should dearly like to sit on the bench for half an hour and pass sentence on Sir Cory Francis Cory-Wright, Bart., J.P., D.L., before he has time to eat another turtle dinner.

Whether or not we disapprove of capital punishment, we must admit that where the death penalty is abolished, knives and pistols are more recklessly employed. This is especially so in France, and we cannot congratulate President Fallières on the persistent clemency with which he overrides the existing law of the land. It is not astonishing that his reprieve of Soleilland has aroused vehement disapproval, for if ever there was an utter absence of extenuating circumstances, it was to be found in his case. We wonder whether the Goolds will also be let off, and if not why not. Their crime was not a whit more horrible than that of Soleilland. But perhaps their destiny will lie in the hands of the Prince of Monaco. If so, there is, at least, one argument for the continued existence of the Principality.

A puzzle in *Truth* asked people what man, woman, and beast they would rather be, and some of the answers have been quite amusing. One gentleman elected to be Mr. Justice Grantham. There is no accounting for tastes. But the strangest choices concerned the brute creation. It was all very well to say "a dog," but surely that depends what dog. Some are pampered on silken cushions, others are taken out hunting, others run about cities and suffer from the mange. Someone else wants to be a dairy cow, implying a temperament rather placid than venturesome. For ourselves, we incline more to the taste of those who selected the eagle, the elephant, and the albatross. And the conjunction of Henry Labouchere and a lark is decidedly happy.

We see that it is proposed to call a meeting with the object of putting up the price of whisky. Many people will regard the news with poignant distress and wild alarm. They say they can't get enough for threepence as it is, and that if prices go higher they will have to take to beer. There is a reason for everything in this world, especially for increasing the prices of things. Flour has gone up, and the bakers explain that it is due to the increased cost of wheat. Bread has gone up, and the bakers explain that it is due to the increased cost of flour. Meat has gone up, and the butchers explain that it is due to the dearness of animals. Boots have gone up, and the manufacturers and dealers explain that it is due to the awful price of leather. Gas has gone up, and the companies explain that it is due to the horrible cost of coal. Coal has gone up, and the coal merchants explain that it is due to the increased demand abroad and the forthcoming state of the weather. Now whisky is to go up, owing to the cost of keeping the fires burning and the rise in the price of barley, on account of the nasty summer. It is said that at present there is little or no margin of profit. With all respect, we suggest telling that story to the Marines. In the meantime, we note that there are 118 million proof gallons in bond, equivalent to four years' supply. And as that, at least, has been produced under favourable conditions, suppose, before talking about putting the new supply up, we proceed to put the old one down?

"I hear a great deal about labour sharing the profits of the capitalist," says Mr. Sidney Grundy in one of the papers, "but I read nothing about it sharing its losses." Apparently Mr. Grundy, whose purport on earth is that of adapting French plays for the English stage, is as proud of this old, old pseudo-epigram as if he had invented it. It is both a paradox and a fallacy. Labour necessarily shares the losses of capital, and shares beyond its fair proportion, for as soon as capital becomes unproductive, labour ceases to find a market and becomes unemployed; while, when capital makes large interest, the labour which co-operates in making it by no means takes the proportion to which a strict economic justice entitles it. The price of labour is more or less fixed at the lowest standard of living at which it can employ itself in a competitive market, but above its unproductive condition capital has a larger freedom. The capitalist is not in the market for mere competitive bread and butter. That is his always. Competition only touches him along the range of his profits from lower to higher. Equitably speaking, the wages of labour should advance from the market minimum as the profits of capital increase; but this seldom or never happens except in those isolated co-partnerships which set so fair an example to capitalist grab-alls. We cannot undertake to give any further free lessons to Mr. Grundy in Political Economy.

There are a great many foolish ideas about on the subject of public rights, for some feather-headed democrats get into the pernicious habit of talking as if the possession of abstract rights apart from public values were something exceptionally beautiful and sacred. Take the excellent idea that space should be accorded on Hampstead Heath for recording and measuring rainfall, sunshine, wind, and so forth, with instruments set up at the cost of the Astronomical and Scientific Society, and maintained at their expense. The London County Council is ready to grant a site on which these useful instruments may be placed. It is already enclosed and occupied with various shrubs from twelve to fourteen feet high. Now, up rises Mr. T. J. Barrett, at the head of certain invisible thousands of liberty-loving Britons to protest that the erection of a suitable building for housing the instruments "can only be characterised as an act of pillaging public property for

private purposes." This sort of language might be justified if the Astronomical Society proposed to set up a soap factory on the Heath; but on the facts, we are as little inclined to lash ourselves into a white heat over the matter as we should be if the London County Council were to propose to erect a summer-house for the sons of rest, in the same place. When we talk about public rights, for goodness sake let us not talk through our hats.

The City of London is passing through a dreadful crisis, and, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "every day brings its hopes and fears," for the work of demolishing Crosby Hall has actually begun, "and so urgent are commercial needs, that only a definite and practical offer, made without delay, can hope to stay it." We beg our contemporary to dry those tears. We have quite enough "venerable piles" in London without all this manufactured sentiment about a place that few have ever seen, or want to see. It would be nothing but a waste of money to try and preserve the building, and as nobody has offered to find the needful, why make such a scream about it? If the sites of the deserted churches in the City were sold in the same way, the Bishop of London could realise sufficient money to erect all the new churches he says he requires in Greater London without begging any further. It is high time that the scandal of the City churches was tackled. Let all clergymen who at present have to commence Divine Service by addressing the verger, instead of the brethren, be pensioned off and the buildings sold. And, *subject to inquiry*, let the money go to the Bishop, on the condition that he won't beg for any more. But there's more in that stipulation than meets the eye. It *may* be that the money belongs to the poor.

A certain lady, who was comely and rich, grew tired of being told that she ought to get married. "But," she protested, "I have all I want. I have a dog, a parrot, and a cat; the dog growls all the morning, the parrot swears all the afternoon, and the cat stays out all night."

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 375.

For saying that "The Teddington Reach Regatta, which was held yesterday, was the most successful of the fifteen regattas that preceded it,"

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 376.

For putting up a notice-board, marked BEWARE OF SCHOOLS,

THE WALTON URBAN COUNCIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 377.

For inviting the public to "post here all letters, packets, etc., too late for the next dispatch,"

THE DUBLIN POST OFFICE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 378.

For stating that "steam and motor fire engines galloped through the crowded streets" to a fire in Fetter Lane,"

THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 379.

For stating in his book, "With John Bull and Jonathan," that "Mrs. Craigie and her mother were my constant companions at the performances, Mrs. Craigie being at that time from seven to eight years of age,"

MR. MORGAN RICHARDS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

PENDING PROSECUTION OF "JOHN BULL."

THE LEGALITY OF OUR NUMBER SCHEME TO BE TESTED IN THE COURTS.

We are about to be prosecuted. The City Police authorities, having nothing better to do, have decided to prosecute us for an alleged infringement of the Lottery Acts. One would have thought that they might be better employed in assisting the Staffordshire police to unravel the mystery of the Wyrley outrages, or in bringing to light the fraud—and, as we think, the illegality—of the "Limerick" competitions, or in dealing with the open gambling in Throgmorton Street. But, under the direction of the City solicitor, they prefer to attack a perfectly harmless, and, as we contend, a perfectly legal scheme—under which no one is asked to find a penny piece, and in regard to which no one can suggest that there is any element of mala fides. Indeed, we have upon two occasions had the pleasure of the company of representatives of the City police at the weekly drawings of the numbers, and we think we may venture the statement that none of these officers will in any way impeach the absolute fairness with which the ballot is conducted.

We presume it will be contended that there is an element of chance in the selection of our special canvassers. But if balloting for such canvassers constitutes a lottery, what about balloting for the redemption of stock at a premium—as hundreds of companies do every year? What about balloting at the Unemployed Bureaux and other work centres, when there have been more applicants than the number of men required? Just consider what our scheme is. We are desirous of increasing the sales of our journal. With this object in view we want special canvassers in all parts of the country. We prefer that such canvassers should be persons who are themselves regular readers of the paper, and are, therefore, most competent to explain and uphold its claims. We cannot employ all our readers, but we are willing to spend £50 per week on the project. So we select, every week, ten of our readers, by ballot, and we agree to pay them the sum of £5 each, in consideration of their devoting their spare time for one week to pushing our circulation. We make it the subject of a binding contract—the terms of which we have communicated to the City solicitor. In all these circumstances, we venture to express the opinion that the pending action on his part is uncalled for and unjustified; and whatever may be the result of the proceedings before the City Aldermanic Bench, it may be taken for granted that nothing less than the judgment of the highest Court of Law available will be accepted by us before we abandon a scheme which we believe to be free from every element of an objectionable character, and which is so heartily appreciated by our readers.

In the meantime, we direct special attention to the announcement on page 1.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.—IV.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

Although we have now taken a fairly comprehensive view of the House and its proceedings, it must not be thought that we have exhausted all the "Parties." We have simply indicated those which play the most important parts in the game, and whose Whips are officially recognised by the Speaker.

Subsidiary Parties.

For instance, it must not be assumed that the Labour Party includes anything like all the Labour members. As a matter of fact, many of the men who sit on its benches do not belong to it—including its most striking personality, Mr. John Ward. For there is the Trade Union Labour Party, consisting of twenty members, with Mr. Enoch Edwards as its Chairman and Mr. Richard Bell (who always sits on the Labour benches) as its Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Fenwick and Mr. John Ward as its "Conveners." Then there are the Irish Unionists, eighteen in number, with Mr. Long as Chairman and Mr. Lonsdale as Whip. The London members, too, are divided into two groups. There are the London Unionist members, nineteen in number, with Mr. W. F. D. Smith as Chairman and Sir William Bull as Secretary; and the London Progressive Committee, comprising the London Liberal members and London Labour members of both sections. The Chairman of this body is Mr. Sydney Buxton, with Mr. Dickinson as Vice-Chairman and Dr. Macnamara as Secretary. There is also said to be an Advanced Radical Party, with Sir Charles Dilke as Chairman, and no less than three Whips; but I am unable to give any information as to its membership. In addition to all these, we have a Committee of Commercial Members; another of Shipping Members, and another of Agricultural Members—together with a South African and Colonial Committee, of which Sir Gilbert Parker is the head.

In the above list I have ignored all the Private Bill, Standing, and Grand Committees, whose work is done "upstairs," as it is called. My object has been to give you a rough idea of the elements and compounds which go to make up the Parliamentary machine. And you will have seen how every interest is organised, and what little scope there is for independence of thought and action.

The Working of the Party System.

That, indeed, is one of the chief blots on the Party system. It tends to make members mere automatic "voting machines." On the other hand, it secures attention to particular demands. Of course, it is the Party in power which reaps the greatest benefit. Just consider how it has worked in this Parliament. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has the largest majority on record. See how he uses it. He has been in power for two Sessions. Let us compare his "output" with the last two years of the late Government. In 1904, Mr. Balfour's Ministry passed 36 public Bills, and in 1905 it passed 23. In 1906 no less than 61 were got through, and in 1907, without an Autumn Session, 63. Of course, not half of these measures were seriously discussed. I have seen as many as half a dozen rushed through in the small hours of the morning. It is the same with the important business of Supply. By the Rules of the House, twenty days are set apart in each Session for the consideration of the Estimates. Whatever is not discussed within that limit of time is voted by brute force. Thus, in the first year of the present Parliament, nearly sixteen millions was granted without an atom of discussion; whilst in the late Session matters were twice as bad—nearly thirty-three millions being obtained by the Government in the same autocratic manner. During the late Government things were even worse—the figures of undiscussed Estimates for its last two years being forty-five and fifty millions respectively.

The Party Game.

When you come to study the details of the game, it may be that you will come to the conclusion that when Mr. Disraeli described Toryism as an "organised hypocrisy," he was stating only half the truth. It is Party government *per se* that is the "organised hypocrisy." No doubt groups of men with common interests and common principles will always tend to act together for a common purpose; but Party government keeps the game too much in the hands of the professional gamesters. Out goes the old Obadiah and in comes the new Obadiah. In comes the old Obadiah and out goes the new Obadiah; and session after session, year after year, we have the Parliamentary farces and the Parliamentary absurdities stereotyped into rule and precedent, because we have the same old gangs for ever working the same old machine. It is hard to get a new idea into it. It is becoming more and more difficult every year to get a new idea out of it. Principles are not so much at fault as methods. New wine is not for old bottles, except in certain restaurants; and before Parliament can adequately perform its work as a legislation factory it will have to put in new machinery worked by a strong leaven of new men.

The Lawyers and the Plums.

Just consider, for a moment, how the existing system plays into the hands of the pushing professional man. Look at the lawyers. How many owe their presence on the Judicial Bench to their Party services? But, without going so far afield, see what they have secured in the scramble for office. One Party is just as bad as another in this respect. Take the present Government. The *Finances* of the country are in the hands of a barrister; the *Trade* of the country is under the control of a solicitor; the *Army* is governed by a barrister; the President of the *Board of Education* is a barrister. And so we could continue. That some of these Ministers are men of great ability no one will deny; but will anyone suggest that but for our Party system of Government they would all have found their way to their present positions?

The Government and the Lords.

What an anomaly we have here. The Government is pledged to clip the claws of the Peers, and yet it not only elevates some of its supporters to the Upper House, as a reward for past services, but actually appoints some of its members to several of its most important offices. Thus we have the Secretary of State for the Colonies sitting in the Lords, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the President of the Board of Agriculture—with the Marquis of Ripon as "Lord Privy Seal" and the Earl of Crewe as "Lord President of the Council." I say nothing about Court appointments. But it does seem to me that a Prime Minister pledged to the doctrine that the "will of the people, as expressed by their duly elected representatives, must prevail," ought, consistently, to see that all the members of his Government are in the "People's House," and thus directly responsible to it.

The Independent Member.

There are evidences that such facts as these are beginning to weigh upon the minds of certain Members, and I anticipate that by the time the present Parliament has run its course there will have sprung up quite a small army of Independents, who will decline to adapt their political principles to the exigencies of Party. There are already a fair number; but, in the very nature of things, they can form no Committee and have no Whips. They have no bond of union except their Independence, and that would probably lead them to fundamental differences of opinion upon almost every question which came before them as a body. Still, their existence will be a great force—and one that may have to be reckoned with when the present top-heavy majority of the Government has gone the way of all majorities.

(To be continued.)

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

GREAT WHIRLIGIG SENSATIONS.

BY RADCLIFFE MARTIN.

September 30. The anonymous letter-writer is again at work in Great Whirligig. A mounted policeman was patrolling the district all last night. When he took his horse back to the stable this morning he was horrified to find the following communication chalked on the animal's side ;—

"We are not butchering to-night.

"Yours truly,

"A MURDERER."

The heads of the police are inclined to deprecate any undue attention being paid to this. Their theory is that the horse may have wandered into a chalk-pit while its rider was asleep, and that the chalk marks by pure chance took this form. However, a hand-writing expert has been telegraphed for, and all suspected persons are being invited tactfully, so that they will have no idea of the motive of the police, to inscribe their autographs on selected horses. Comparisons may be a little difficult, as the constable's horse rolled on the straw in the stable and rendered the letter rather indistinct.

In an interview, Mr. G. R. Sims stated that this latest outrage was probably perpetrated by the ballooning section of the Black Anarchists' Society. Nothing is easier than to swoop down quietly from a balloon, chalk a threatening message, and then glide away into the illimitable ether. A recent Prime Minister had the words "Kick me" chalked on his coat as he strolled down Whitehall. Mr. Sims said he thought the police explanation very bald. The members of the force were evidently in urgent need of Tatcho.

October 1. A donkey's ear was found in a meadow at Great Whirligig this afternoon. The Chief Constable is at present in conference with the police surgeons. They are doubtful whether the ear was cut from the donkey or whether the donkey was detached from the ear. When this point is settled they will have something to work on.

Sir Conan Doyle, on being interviewed, said that he was amazed at the fatuity of the local police. It was evident from his love of vivisection that the criminal was a doctor. He should also judge him to be a man of a dull mind who took an intense interest in crime. There was only one such man in the kingdom. Formerly he was to be found in the Strand, but of recent years he had been in hiding. "Find Dr. Watson," said Sir Conan Doyle, emphatically, "and you have the criminal."

October 2. A pig was found in a comatose condition in a Great Whirligig farmyard to-day. The police believe that the animal was drugged by the fiend, only that, happily, he was interrupted before he could complete his evil work. The animal has been photographed, and bloodhounds are to be brought round to track the criminal.

Later. The pig has woke up and bitten a bloodhound.

The resident Press Association reporter at Greeba Castle has interviewed Mr. Hall Caine regarding this latest outrage. Mr. Caine said he thought that there was only one method of checking these monstrous doings. The theatre must be used to elevate the minds of the populace. Only last week a desperate criminal visited the representation of "The Christian." At the end of the second act he cried out: "I can bear no more of this," rushed to the police-station, and confessed to nine separate acts of bigamy. Mr. Caine said it was curious that the latest outrage should be connected with a pig, as in his forthcoming novel he had set the story of the Gadarene swine in an entirely new light. Asked if he could indicate the criminal, Mr. Caine observed that a large number of sensational and illiterate novels were produced in the Midlands. These must have demoralised the populace at Great Whirligig. "Find me a regular reader of Miss C-r-lli's works in the district," said Mr. Caine, "and I am confident that you have found the guilty man."

October 3. A large quantity of horse-hair was found in an elm tree this evening at Great Whirligig. Another outrage is feared. The police, however, rather pooh-pooh the whole matter. Their theory is that the horse climbed the tree in search of birds' nests and tore its mane on a broken bough.

Later. A farmer states that recently he threw some old padding from a cushion into the tree. The police discredit his statement and are watching him closely. Eleven constables will spend the night buried in the suspected man's haystacks, and a sergeant will occupy each of his pig-styes.

Miss Corelli declined to be interviewed on the subject. She stated that she thought interviewing savoured of self-advertisement. However, she made a short statement to the reporters. She said she was not at all surprised at the outrages. When playwrights in search of notoriety make a clergyman try and strangle a woman on the stage, can it be wondered at that low-minded people are encouraged to make attacks on animals?

"TO THE LORD BISHOP OF BANGOR."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Under the above heading you were inspired to print a letter in your issue of the 21st inst., to which any reader of your paper who takes it at its own estimate—

"Politics without party—Criticism without cant—
Without Fear or Favour—*Rancour* or Rant,—

must take strong exception, for *rancour* it has, and abundance of it, unless it is that the writer is in woeful ignorance of the facts through misguidance, which is the most charitable view to take. Failing that, he deserves the censure of all fair-minded men for his abuse of your columns which, I take it, lay as much stress on impartiality as on outspokenness.

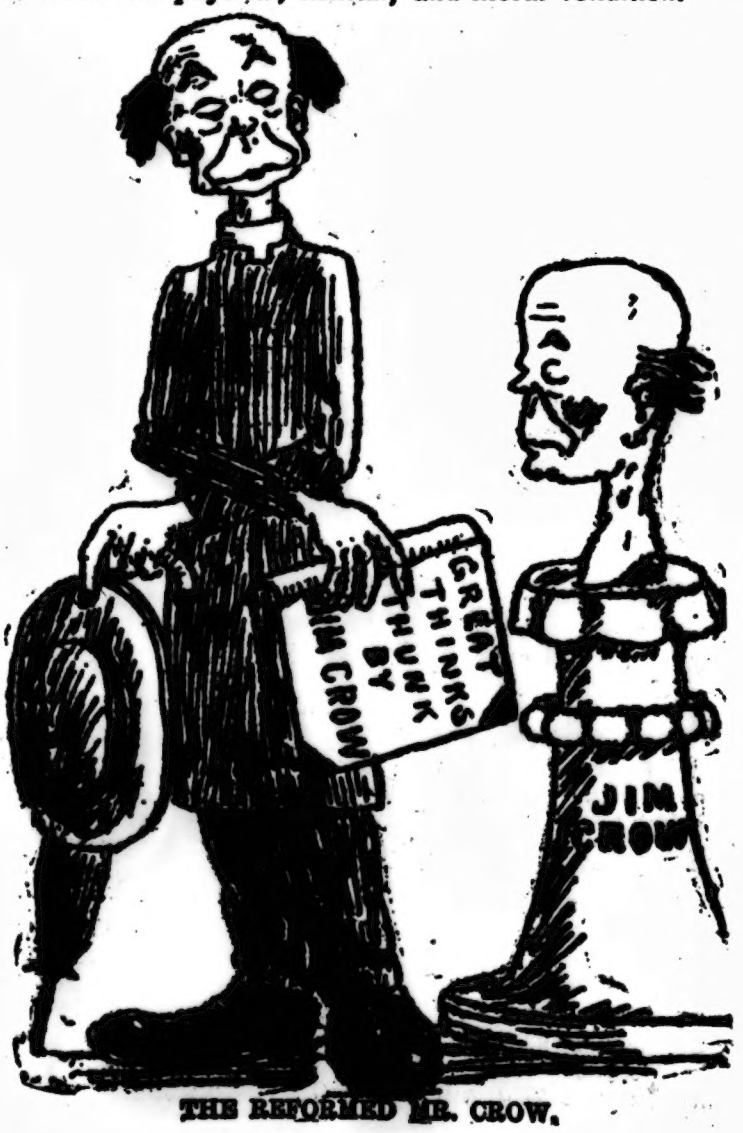
Your correspondent may not agree with the Bishop's change of residence, but that is no reason why he should deny the truth so patent to all in this diocese, that the Bishop, so far from being the "quintessence of meanness," is the most liberal and hospitable of men. He does not proclaim all his virtues upon the housetops, but the present writer is in a position to state that no Bishop could take a more practical interest in the temporal welfare of his clergy than the Bishop of Bangor does. Many of them—trying to stem the tide of poverty in a poor diocese (for such Bangor is)—know something of his lordship's unostentatious assistance in trying circumstances. It would be well for whoever inspired the sentiments in your letter to ascertain in how many cases of sickness and breakdown the Bishop has come forward and helped, and how many widows and orphans in the diocese have reason to know that their Bishop is in very truth a "disciple of the Man of Nazareth."

ANOTHER JOHN BULL.

"JIM CROW" RETURNS FROM CARLSBAD.

A REFORMED CHARACTER.

We are happy to state that, after much persuasion, Mr. Crow has been induced to return to work. He has taken the pledge and joined the Vigilance Society. He has also shaved his moustache and altered the cut of his hair, in the hope that he may thus be enabled to elude his old associates. Before leaving Carlsbad he presented the town with his bust and a specially bound edition of his works, in grateful acknowledgment of the reformation which his stay had effected in his physical, mental, and moral condition.



THE REFORMED MR. CROW.

IN THE CITY.

THE RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

There has been no material change in the position as between Railway Servants and their Employers since we referred to the matter last week. On Sunday Mr. Bell addressed a large number of men at Cardiff, and maintained the moderate and conciliatory tone noticeable in his speeches from the outset. The Ballot paper sent out to the men asks whether they are in favour of "handing in their notices to withdraw their labour at a given time in order to secure representation by the Society's official to negotiate the national programme." If, as is most likely, the answer of a majority of the men is in the affirmative, it does not necessarily follow there will be a strike. The vote would strengthen Mr. Bell's hands in again repeating his request for the recognition of the Union, and it would only be when this request had been formally preferred once more, and again rejected, that the question of a strike would become acute. We still hope that the primary matter in dispute, that is to say the recognition of the Union, will be conceded by the directors, for unless it be so the renewal of satisfactory relations between employers and employed is impossible, and probabilities point to the men deciding to strike.

Public opinion seems to be declaring itself distinctly in favour of the men on this question of recognition. In the first place, as we showed last week, the directors even of companies like the South Eastern have already recognised it in principle. Then we have the opinion of Sir George Gibb, who, when asked to state his views about the relations of Railway Companies and Trade Unions by the special Commissioner of the United States Government who visited this country in 1904 to investigate the conditions of capital and labour, made this pronouncement, a pronouncement that he has never repudiated, and which there is every reason to believe represents his present opinion. "Mr. Gibb has always been in favour of employers frankly recognising the unions, because he considers it just that the men should have the advantage, in their negotiations with an employer, of being represented by a skilled agent, exactly as is the employer; and the men can obtain the benefit of this skilled knowledge only by means of the union. If the unwise or dishonest labour leader is eliminated, which eliminates the danger always to be feared from such a man, it is to the interest of the employer, Mr. Gibb holds, to deal with the union as the representative of the workers as a body, rather than to try to deal with an assemblage of unskilled men, many of whom are unpractical and undisciplined. The labour leader who is fit for his place, as most of the labour leaders are, has usually given considerable study to the questions involved; and he knows the trade conditions almost as well as does the employer. He knows, too, when the union can press for an advance of wages or a reduction of hours, and stand a reasonable hope of securing its demand, and when it would be foolish to do so. Mr. Gibb says that in the management of his company's affairs he recognises the union, and corresponds with its officers as freely as with anyone else." Then one great Railway Company already recognises the Union, and has found it to its advantage to do so, whilst other great Trade organisations have long since recognised Unions of which their workmen are members, and consented to negotiate with their leaders, the result of this concession being without exception favourable to amicable relations between capital and labour. Under these circumstances we cherish the hope that the directors will give way on the question of recognition, and if they do it ought not to be very difficult to settle the other questions raised by the men by means of arbitration.

THE UNIVERSAL STERILISATION CO., LTD.

In our issue of July 13th last we directed attention to this company, which had then just been formed, and we said that it had been represented to us that the process upon which the company relied, and which was its chief asset—a process for the sterilisation of meat, poultry, fish, milk, eggs, and so on, known as Hislaires' process—was neither more nor less than a process brought over from Belgium many years ago, worked for a time by a company which quickly went into liquidation, and condemned and prohibited by the Government. We were careful to credit the leading promoters of the present company with good faith in putting the process before the public. We said they were men of repute and standing, but, in our opinion, it looked as if they had been misled. We invited them to satisfy us that our information was incorrect, and we pointed out that the allegation they had to meet went to the very root of the existence of the company.

This criticism appeared in our issue of July 13th, and from that time until a day or two ago, we had no direct communication with anyone entitled to represent the Board. But on Monday last we received a visit from three of the directors, and they have satisfied us that the process is a different process to that referred to in our article, and that it is in no way prejudicial to health. They have shown us very full bacteriological and chemical reports on the process used by the company. These reports are written by men of high repute, and they satisfy us that the original information supplied to us was incorrect. We have before us a letter from one of the physicians who reported—the etiquette of the profession does not allow us to publish his name, but our readers will take it from us that he is an eminent authority, being a prominent Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and also physician to one of our chief hospitals and medical schools. He writes:—

> "It seems to me that your process has a wide field of application. . . . I have been looking up the legal question. You may apparently use preservatives provided they are not present in an amount harmful to health. No honest man can possible say there is enough present in this process to damage health."

We regret that the directors did not take earlier notice of our article. We have, of course, only one desire in the matter, namely, to make known the truth. The point raised by us seemed one that it was very necessary for the directors to meet; and we are glad that, even at this late date, they have come to see us, and satisfied us, as they have done, that the process used by their company is not prejudicial to health.

N. B. FOSTER AND SONS, LIMITED.

Shareholders of this concern will do well to remember the meeting to be held at the offices of the Company on the 26th inst., at 3 p.m., "for the purpose of receiving the report of the Shareholders' Committee, and of concluding the business of the general meeting." The Chairman—Mr. Glasson—has not circulated the report among the shareholders. Every member of the Committee was nominated by the Chairman, who was defeated by a large majority at the general meeting, but carried his main points on a poll by vendors' shares.

LONDON PREMIUM AND TEA COMPANY.

We have received various complaints with respect to the action of this Company, which offers "a set of electro silver-plated ware," together with "1s. 8d.-lb package of our Premium Tea." In fact, according to our correspondents, "the fortunate ones get six spoons, estimated to be worth about 2s.—and this only after a remittance of 4s. 6d. There cannot be many of our readers who are deceived by offers of this kind, and it is not creditable to their intelligence that there should be any.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

American Railway Stocks.—Constant Reader (Hale).—We will do so next week.

Sundry Shares.—F. C. P. (Falmouth).—The list given you by the bank manager is an excellent one. As you want us to name three that we think among the best, we give you Lever Bros. Five Per Cent. Cumulative Preference, Imperial Tobacco Preferred Ordinary, D. H. Evans and Co.

National Provident Institution.—A. R. S. (Herne Hill Road).—It is a matter of opinion. The Company is very ably managed. The funds are profitably invested, and the incidence of mortality has always been favourable.

British Mutual Banking Company of London.—Duplex (Birmingham).—(1) We think not. There is considerable liability for uncalled capital. (2) The other concern you name is a Bank only in name, but its financial position is believed to be strong.

Scottish Sickness and Accident Company.—D. E. (Clyddch Vale).—It is a new Company, its declared object being to do industrial business on a very simple plan—the premium of every policy holder being 30s., payable in twelve monthly instalments of 2s. 6d., or annually at a discount of 10 per cent. This gives £75 at death by accident, with £4 a month for half a year during disablement by accident, or by sickness of any kind. The Company is under respectable management, but it may be questioned whether the capital it commands is sufficient for its purposes.

Prudential Insurance Company.—D. D. (Plymouth).—We regret that we cannot give further attention to the matter.

Power and Co.—A. E. J. (Southport).—You were very foolish to have any dealings with these people, and doubly so to sign a paper agreeing to pay £10 for the so-called Option. Your better plan is to put the matter before a solicitor, who will probably advise you to pay no attention to the threats of Power and Co.

Transfer of Shares.—P. W. B. (Kennington).—You should have them transferred, so that you can deal with them as your own for what they are worth.

Co-Operative Building Society.—A Mere Woman (Bethnal Green).—We know nothing against it.

Charles Kiss and Co.—D. C. (Fort William).—Have nothing to do with these foreigners.

Gorgo and Co.—Regular Reader (Earl's Court).—Our answer to D. C. will equally apply to your question.

Linotype.—H. A. B. (Wellington).—Our objection applies to all the issues. The position of the Company is very unsatisfactory, and in our opinion there is little likelihood of improvement.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—H. B. B. (Ealing).—We cannot recommend the concern you name. The Birkbeck Bank would be the most suitable for your purposes. C. G. (Southsea).—We do not think you would run any great risk in depositing with any one of the concerns you name, but you must bear in mind, as we have so often to remind our readers, that high interest usually means not very good security.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—S. G. B. (Stockport).—We read your further letter with interest, but regret that we cannot find room for its insertion. Our space, as you know, is very limited. G. R. (Leeds).—Your request that we should forward you "an advance copy of any future articles in connection with this Company" is amusing. A. R. W. (Upper Clapton).—You will see reference to the matter in our last issue.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—E. B. (Woolwich).—The pity of it is that you, and so many others, do not take the trouble to understand the contract into which you enter when you take one of these thirty-year Bonds. As to the one upon which you have been paying for three years, we doubt very much whether you could sell it for anything more than a nominal sum. When you have paid for five years you will be able to get a surrender value representing about one-third of what you have paid to the Association, and the better course would seem to be to at least continue paying until you have acquired the right to a surrender value. T. O. (Basingstoke).—There can be no question as to the financial strength of the Association. CONSTANT READER (Leeds).—See answer to E. B. H. W. M. (Farnham).—The Company is financially sound, but we do not like thirty-year Bonds.

PREMIUM BONDS.—A. A. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We do not recommend their purchase. F. W. (Noisy-le-Sec, Seine).—We are much obliged by your letter with its offer. We should welcome the particulars to which you refer. A. W. L. (Upper Tooting).—Have nothing to do with the people you name. Messrs. Keiser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., would do what you want, and you might rely upon them for fair terms.

VARIOUS MINING SHARES.—INDOCTUS (Leeds).—Our advice to you would be to sell the shares you hold for the best price you can get, and for the future steer clear of speculation in mining shares. This advice, if followed, will save you a good deal in the long run.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.—SPECULATOR (Swansea).—We are obliged by your letter, and will do our best to carry out your suggestions.

SAFETY OF BANK.—E. R. C. (Hull).—It is a young concern with a rapidly extending business.

PANAMAS.—F. C. (Leytonstone).—You are a day behind the fair.

CYCLE SHARES.—S. H. (Peckham).—We regret that we can be of no use to you in the matter.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—M. B. (Manchester).—We should get out, if you can do so without loss.

THE SIEMEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.—T. H. (Pocklington).—It is very difficult to advise in the matter. To put money into the reconstruction means risk, and the past record of the Company is not very encouraging. We return the papers.

VARIOUS SHARES.—W. McL. (Hove).—We do not like any of the list, and should sell whenever opportunity offers. QUERIER (Gunnersbury).—We should hold the first in your list, and get rid of the rest.

WATNEY, COMBE AND REID.—A. S. (High Barnet).—We think it worth the money. The contract would not have any mention of the matter to which you refer. Accounts are submitted in August.

J. C. GRAVES.—J. T. (Pentonville).—No, we do not think they are worth buying at any price.

PNEIL DIAMONDS MINING COMPANY.—J. W. W. (Cork).—Do not touch them.

MANCHESTER LINERS.—E. D. L. C. (Liverpool).—We should sell if occasion offers.

BRITISH HOMES BUILDING SOCIETY.—H. S. (Lewisham).—We know nothing against it.

MARKET DEALS.—W. F. (Ipswich).—We have frequently advised our readers against the firm in question.

NUTRIOLA COMPANY.—J. B. (Cleckheaton).—We cannot advise you to put money into the shares of this concern.

SOUTHAMPTON DAIRY COMPANY.—EVERY WEEK (Ilford).—The value of these shares is small. No dividend has been paid; why, unless there is faulty management, we cannot say.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—CAUTIOUS (Glasgow).—We are amused at your description of the pertinacious way in which the Exchange invite you to speculate through them. If you take our advice you will avoid all Stock Exchange speculations.

INCREASE OF CAPITAL.—P. R. A. (Leicester).—Unless you want to diminish your capital you will have nothing to do with the firm you name.

FINANCING AN INVENTION.—A. J. C. (Southwark Bridge Road).—If you have an invention which, as you claim, solves the skidding problem, you should have no difficulty in getting it financed. We regret that we can be of no service to you in the matter.

ERIE ORDINARY.—CORSICAN (Liverpool).—You could not go far wrong in doing so.

CRIPPLE CREEK CONSOLIDATED MINES.—J. H. B. (Finchley).—We notice that you have been offered shares in this concern "at 4d. per share." We should prefer the 4d.

FINANCING OF BUSINESS.—T. H. (Leicester).—We dare say the money you want to finance your business could be very profitably used, but we regret that we cannot help you in the matter. If, however, R. D. M., to whose letter we replied in our issue of September 14, would like to have your address, we shall be happy to give it to him if he will communicate with us.

CREDIT LYONNAIS.—T. A. W. (Hornsey).—You may place implicit confidence in this Bank.

OXONETER GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY, LIMITED.—OXON (Palmers Green).—You cannot insist upon it. Send us the papers to which you refer.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—ROMEO.—What is it you want to know?

ANGLO-SPANISH COPPER COMPANY.—REPUBLIC (Llangollen).—We will make inquiries into the matter, and refer to it again next week.

TRADESMEN'S PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—S. H. R. (Selhurst).—We know of nothing against it.

SUNDERLAND DISTRICT TRAMWAYS, LIMITED, PREFERENCE.—C. E. P. (East Kildare).—No.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.—B. J. (Cumberland).—The shares have no present value.

THE BRITISH EQUITABLE AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—T. J. (Wolverhampton).—We do not advise it.

TWO HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANIES.—WEEKLY READER (Pitsmoor).—We know nothing about these new ventures. We think you would do better to go to the Provident Association of London, but, if you do so, study carefully the terms upon which policies are issued. You will get all necessary information from the papers that will be supplied to you, and it will be your own fault if you do not understand exactly what you are subscribing for.

STATUS OF BANK.—V. P. B. (Aston Manor).—It has not been established for any time, and its financial position cannot be said to be very strong, but it is under respectable management.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—J. W. (Belfast).—Yes.

NORTH-WEST DISTRICT BUILDING SOCIETY.—G. A. (Stroud Green).—We know nothing against it. On the contrary, we believe it to be a thoroughly sound and well-managed society, giving very ample security to depositors.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—A. H. K. (Brighton).—Have nothing to do with these people. The market price of the City of Brussels 2½ per cent. 1902 Bonds is about £4 6s. If you bought these from Messrs. Keiser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, they would communicate with you if perchance you won a premium. YELTNAM (Fulham Road).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

THE MONARCH ASSURANCE OFFICE.—H. B. (Finsbury).—We know of no reason why you should not do so.

QUILS RIVER TIN MINES.—J. K. (Stroud Green).—We advise you not to do so.

BIG "4" MINING AND MILLING COMPANY.—H. A. K. (Leeds).—We are obliged to you for the papers, which we return through the post. We have read the correspondence with amusement, more especially the report of the discovery of ore "averaging better than 100 dollars per ton (£20)." That was on July 13, 1906. On June 11 of the present year there was a special meeting of stockholders to "devise means for a satisfactory adjustment of outstanding claims against the said Company," and their correspondence ends with a circular dated July 23 last, which, in making certain proposals to stockholders, states incidentally that "creditors can attach and sell the property at any time." That is the usual end of these wild-cat Yankee Companies. It is astonishing that there should be still idiots in this country willing to touch, and risk their money in, such speculations.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—F. B. (Leicester).—Better have nothing to do with them.

BRITISH COALITE.—FABIUS (Coleherne Court).—If you hold the shares you must pay the calls. If you can get anybody to take over the shares, even at a loss, we think you would be wise in transferring them.

LIBERIAN RUBBER CORPORATION.—SAVEMAN (Ipswich).—We have no late information respecting this Company. Our view of it, an adverse one, was expressed freely and fully at the time of its promotion.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—A. H. B. (Birmingham).—We never recommend our readers to take out Bonds running for so long a period as thirty years.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—A. R. C. (Sheffield).—We are in agreement with the opinion of the writer whose article you send us. BLAMELESS (Nuneaton).—The concern in question can afford to pay 10 per cent. on deposits because it lends out the money upon bills of sale and similar securities at very much higher rates of interest. R. D. M. (Forest Gate).—See previous reply.

THIRTY-YEAR BONDS.—J. C. JNR. (Newlyn).—We never advise the purchase of these Bonds, thinking it unwise that anyone should pledge himself to pay for thirty years, the penalty for not doing so being a heavy sacrifice. F. G. (Macclesfield).—See previous answer.

NEW ERA ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. W. (West Green).—We see no advantage in insuring with this office rather than with one of established reputation.

BRITISH SONOGRAM COMPANY, LIMITED.—CHELTONIAN (Cheltenham).—We have no information respecting this Company.

PROFITS AND INCOME INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. G. B. (Kennington).—The answer is in the affirmative.

INDUSTRIAL RECORD COMPANY.—TALBERT (Peckham).—We have no information.

JAPANESE 4½ PER CENT.—STOCKBROKER'S CLERK (Minories).—(1) We should not sell them just now. (2) Imperial Tobacco Pref. represent an excellent investment.

BOGUS INSURANCE COMPANIES.—B. S. (Southport).—We have not forgotten the British Equitable and Mortgage Corporation, Limited, and note what you say about other companies.

SCOTTISH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. J. N. (Portsmouth).—The Company is comparatively young, but it is well managed and doing well, and it has a fine bonus record.

LICENSE INSURANCE.—H. A. (Uttoxeter).—There are companies which do more or less what you want in the way of insurance.

SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—H. H. (Derby).—It is a Company of high standing, probably one of the strongest Life offices in the country, with a fine and consistent bonus tradition. The Company is founded on the mutual system, and throughout the eighty years of its history the reversionary additions to the sums assured made by way of profit have never fallen below the compound rate of 30s. per cent. per annum; while for the last two quinquenniums (to 1900 and 1905) they were at the compound rate of 35s. per cent. per annum.

ACTION OF MONEY LENDERS.—T. L. (Fulham).—It seems hard to have to pay £39 5s. for the loan of £30 for fourteen months, but you must bear in mind that you are dealing with money lenders, and that a bill of sale is anything but first-rate security. People who have good security to offer do not go to money lenders, and with poor security high interest is inevitable.

MANCHESTER MOTOR BUS COMPANY.—DUM SPIRO SPEN (Huddersfield).—We have nothing of a reassuring character to say upon the subject.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—ANXIOUS (Macclesfield).—Have nothing to do with any of these people. B. P. (Fleetwood).—Throw any circulars sent you by these people into the fire.

THE IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—J. R. S. (Coventry).—The object of the Society is excellent. The leading members of the management are men of good repute in Birmingham, and upon the face of it the Society would appear to be worthy of confidence and support. TWENTY-ONE (Newport).—See our previous answer.

DEALINGS IN SHARES.—J. D. (Eaglesham).—It depends, of course, upon the terms of the contract, and we cannot express an opinion as to your particular case without seeing the contracts in which you are interested. Speaking generally, your rights are few, and your liabilities heavy, in dealings with this sort of people. If in future you want to operate upon the Stock Exchange do so through a member of the Stock Exchange. Dealings in the way suggested by your letter are pretty certain to end in heavy loss. If we can help you in any way we shall be very pleased, and we thank you for your very kind references to JOHN BULL.

INVESTMENT OF £150.—H. H. T. (Glasgow).—We should prefer the shares you name rather than depositing with the institutions mentioned by you. There is, of course, no difficulty in disposing of Consols at the market price, and the cost of doing so is very slight.

INVESTMENT OF £25.—A. B. (Hackney).—Of course, the local Loans to which you refer are quite safe, and represent first-class security. Much change in price is not likely.

NEW ERA BUILDING AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. C. A. (Chatham Road).—Our advice to you would not be that of your friend.

LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE.—H. H. (Teignmouth).—The delay is very vexatious, and seems unnecessary, but it is difficult to expedite matters.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

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Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

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THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE PRICE OF COAL.

We have received a vast amount of correspondence with reference to our post-card to the British householder on the price of coal. All those who are connected with the coal trade protest that they make very little profit. Wherever the excessive cost of coal may go, it does not come their way.

Coal merchants say that they make very little profit. One of them gives the following tables :—

	Price to coal merchant on wharf in South London :	Selling price per ton.
Best Yorkshire coal	22/6	28/-
Derby Brights	19/-	25/6
Best kitchen	19/9	26/-
Best nuts	19/9	26/-
Stove coal	16/6	21/6

This gives a profit, roughly, of 6s. per ton. But out of this must be deducted 1s. 3½d. per ton for landing and delivering, besides a proportion of office expenses, horse keep, rent, rates, depreciation, bad debts, &c. It will then be found, we are told, that the net profit is not more than 2s. 6d. per ton.

Another takes the case of large nuts at Kingston-on-Thames :—

Cost at pit	12/-	
Wagon hire	1/-	
Railway rate	7/11	
Total ..	20/11	at Kingston Station.
Wharf labour and wharf rate	1/-	
Cartage	2/-	
Total ..	23/11	at coal merchant's office.

He sells for 26s., which only leaves him 2s. 1d. for all the office expenses, etc., which the other coal merchant estimated at 2s. 2½d. He is therefore actually out of pocket on every ton he sells.

Now for the mine owners. One of them writes :—

> The coal having been taken from its bed, or "got," is by no means done with. It must be transported by ponies, or electric haulage ropes, in many cases a distance of three or four miles. It has to be raised to the surface, and there has to pass over a most elaborate—and expensive—screening plant before being finally handed over to the railway companies in wagons.
>
> To perform this work a whole army of men and boys must be employed, whose labour is absolutely unproductive, in addition to perhaps a hundred or more ponies in each pit.
>
> For this huge item of unproductive labour I notice you make no provision whatever. A coal pit resembles nothing more than a town, and must be lighted, cleaned, drained, policed, and roads kept in repair and new roads made in exactly the same way as a town on the surface. The officials necessary for the proper conduct of the pit alone mean a very appreciable percentage on the cost of the coal, while new roads, airways, &c., have constantly to be made at a cost varying from £2 to £5 or even more per yard—some of the roads being over two miles long. This work again is quite unproductive, and in addition to the actual cost of driving the road the subsequent handling of the rubbish entails a very large expense.
>
> To render these roads safe, they must be supported by props, of which in the course of a month an average colliery will use 10,000 to 16,000, varying from 2ft. 6in. to 11ft. in length, and which must all be of the finest larch. Even with the best of timber their life is very short, and having done their duty in the pit they are absolutely useless or anything else, and are destroyed with the other rubbish which accumulates in the course of working.
>
> To convey the coal from the "face" to the top many thousands of trams must be used, and owing to the rough handling they receive their period of usefulness is very short.
>
> In addition to all the work connected with the actual getting of the coal there are other necessary expenses, of which the average consumer knows nothing, and consequently never takes into consideration when speaking of the enormous profits made in the coal trade. Ventilation is one very large item. Huge fans must be kept running night and day, and to ensure the proper ventilation of the pit a most intricate system of airways must be constructed, all fitted with triple doors, and every yard of which has to be inspected twice daily and kept in good repair. The enormous expense of this must, I think, be obvious. Then, too, there is the item of coal raised and paid for which has to be used to generate the enormous quantity of steam necessary for the thousand and one engines attached to a colliery. Also there are many hundreds of tons paid for every week which on reaching the surface are found to be unfit for market and are destroyed on a dirt tip, and there is the slack and other small qualities of fuel, all of which have been paid for at full rate, but which are sold at prices ranging from 6d. to 2s. 6d. per ton. Under the Workmen's Compensation Act, too, many thousands of pounds are paid annually by a colliery owner, and all these expenses must be added to the price originally paid for getting the coal—the cost of getting, indeed, being a comparatively small item.
>
> The original cost of sinking a shaft, often over 500 yards deep, is tremendous, and all this must be done before one penny is received from the coal, and is practically a speculation.
>
> As to the staff of mechanics necessary, the wear and tear of winding ropes, machinery, locomotives, &c., I say nothing; but it must be patent even to one knowing nothing of the trade that these absorb a very large amount of money annually.
>
> The cost of installing the necessary pumps to keep the pits safe from water is sufficient to pay the salaries of the entire Cabinet for a year, and their upkeep means an enormous expense.

In fact, mine owners are also philanthropists risking capital and spending their energies on a business which is evidently unremunerative.

Now is all this credible ?

We think one correspondent cracks the nut for us. He writes from Wales : "I am living in the heart of the coal-fields and have to pay 20s. per ton and 2s. hauling, the pit being about a mile and a half away. The men who get the coal are allowed to have it for 7s. 6d. to 9s. 6d. per ton and haulage." So after all, there is a big discrepancy between the value and the price of coal, for nobody is going to argue that the mine owners are making their men a present of 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d on every ton they take. The price they charge their men is evidently the true cost price, and our original contention is confirmed.

Another correspondent raises a different issue. He thinks that the removal of export duties enables foreigners to increase the efficiency of their navies, and to compete with us more easily in manufacture. In other words, if we sell coal to them at a profit, we are losers over the transaction. This is, of course, nonsense, as can be proved by reference to any elementary work on political economy. Our correspondent asks : "Would not the loss to shippers, mine owners, miners, etc., connected with the export of coal be made up by the increased consumption at home, due to greater prosperity following upon lessened foreign competition and due to the lowering in the price ?" But prosperity in manufactures always increases the demand for coal, and, therefore, also increases the price. At the same time, if we sell less coal to the foreigner, our coal trade suffers and its sufferings affect many subsidiary industries. Export duties are, perhaps, preferable to import duties, but, in their way, they are just as unsound as bounties. The chief point to remember is that duties cannot be reasonably imposed for the purpose of affecting trades or industries. If you want them for revenue purposes, that is another question.

Finally, another correspondent deals with a glut of fruit or fish. Plums are given to the pigs while the British householder has to pay 3d. a pound ; herrings are used as manure while he is still charged 6l. for seven. Of course, fruit and fish, being perishable, are in a different category from coal. But even there the British householder seems to be acting in his usually wooden way. And, it must be added, for weeks past the best plums have been selling at 1d. per pound.

What is the remedy ? That is more difficult to say. But surely consumers ought to organise as well as producers ?

An opportunity to earn from £5 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post free.—Page Davis Advertising School (Dept. 48), 195, Oxford Street, London, W.

RESERVISTS AND THE YEOMANRY.

We print below a letter from a correspondent who directs attention to what seems to be a military abuse. Our correspondent refers to the case of a Reservist who has been in the habit of serving in the Yeomanry without protest. It is said his attestation paper distinctly states that he is a Reservist, and one would have thought that, in accordance with the printed notification, his admission would have made it impossible for him to serve with the Yeomanry. In fact, he had no difficulty in joining, and our correspondent says that many reservists are in the Yeomanry. We need hardly point out how this facilitates misleading descriptions of the strength of the Yeomanry, and the indication it affords of the loose way in which the affairs of the Army are conducted. Our correspondent writes:—

"A.," a soldier, took part in the late war in South Africa. He is in possession of the medal and eight clasps. He was invalided from South Africa, and subsequently transferred to the Army Reserve. Like a good many more old soldiers, on return to civil life he found it difficult to obtain work. However, a situation at last presented itself—only a temporary one, it is true—in the shape of enlistment into the Imperial Yeomanry. After conversation with the man, I could readily understand that he would be an acquisition, for the reason that, while serving with the Regular Army, he was an officer's servant, a position he at once took up in the Yeomanry. The enlistment was for three years. This included a period of sixteen consecutive days' training each year, for which the remuneration is 5s. 6d. a day.

Being out of employment at the time of the training during the first two years, he attended camp and carried out his duties as valet to a certain officer. When the turn for the third year's training came round, he did not attend, as he had obtained employment. He wrote to his captain and asked for leave. This was refused, and he was informed that he would be fined £3. To this he made no reply, but absented himself, and the fine was never enforced. His term of service with the Yeomanry has now expired, but he has not received his discharge paper, and the whole of the kit and clothing is now in his possession.

Now at the time of our conversation, so far as my memory served me in matters military I was of the opinion that for a man to occupy the dual *rôle* of Reservist and Yeoman was somewhat irregular. I asked the man his opinion upon the matter, but he had no idea that he had done anything wrong—as indeed he had not—for he swears that he informed the authorities of the fact that he was a Reservist at the time of enlistment.

I next proceeded to a certain Yeomanry headquarters, and there I interviewed one of the officials, and related to him the facts as here stated. He did not seem very much astonished, but, producing an attestation paper, he convinced me that my memory on military matters had served me well, for one of the questions to be answered in writing by a recruit on enlistment is as follows:—"Do you belong to the Army, Navy, Militia, Army Reserve, etc.?" If this question were to be answered in the affirmative, the recruit would be rejected.

However, I have since seen the man again, and he swears that he did answer in the affirmative. This can be proved or disproved by the production of the original paper. I am in possession of the name of the particular corps, and I respectfully draw the attention of the War Office to the fact.

It is all very well that officers of Yeomanry should desire good servants, and I can understand also that Reservists are likely to fill that position in a most efficient manner. But what about the poor taxpayer? And what about the fictitious state of our Army as to numbers that is presented to Parliament by the War Secretary? Moreover, I am informed that this is not an isolated case by any means, but one of very many. Now, Mr. Haldane!

"THE SEER IN SOUTH AFRICA."

We have received the following letter from Mr. Harry Pye, of 18, Oakley Road, Southgate Road, N.:—

I have read with keen interest the extract from JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS, under the title of the "Seer in South Africa." To the novice in occult matters, the facts related may seem a trifle exaggerated, but to those who have made a study of the subject, they are quite commonplace. Many of our leading scientists could tell of equally wonderful things that they have met with in their investigations into spiritualism and psychic matters.

Although the average white man does not possess the peculiar sense in such a degree as the African and Egyptian, yet there are some in London who are possessed of this gift, and who exercise it professionally, and in private. We all possess it potentially, but owing to the speed at which we work in these days, the conditions necessary to its development are seldom obtainable.

My purpose in writing is to testify to the genuineness of such facts as related by your contributor, and to show that the gift of clairvoyance and psychometry are not held exclusively by uncivilised beings, but are capable of development by ourselves.

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HERE'S PUNCTURE PREVENTION.

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A scientific antidote for thorn glass, or flint.

Ask your cycle dealer for a proof of the thorn resisting powers of SPHINX BANDS.

Of all Cycle Dealers,
2/6 per pair,
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£100 and upwards to £50,000, to the Nobility, Gentry, Professional Men, and Tradesmen, on

NOTE OF HAND ALONE. No Bills of Sale taken.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Hall Caine.

Dear Stick,—What a champion advertiser you are, to be sure! Honestly, you command my admiration, since, with the exception of "La Belle Marie," I know of no one to touch you. What a fortune you would have made as a patent pill provider; but, there, most of us miss our real vocation, and I understand you really do very well in the "blood and thunder" business. Of course, it was purely in the interests of the public that a number of clerical gents were invited to pass judgment on "The Christian," and equally, of course, they paid for their seats, that their judgments might be quite unprejudiced? It would have been nothing short of a national calamity had the sinful public not been advised of this exceptional opportunity for self-improvement. I note that one of your clerical "sandwich-men" says: "I thank God for such a play." This seems almost unkind. But the criticisms are eminently satisfactory to anyone who can swallow that sort of thing. It appears that your melodrama is "a great sermon," and must have great results," "a fine moral lesson," and so on; but were I you, I should not emphasize that point unduly. Sermons are all very well, but at theatre prices they are somewhat dear, you know, and the public prefers to be amused rather than preached at. But the "boom" is good, and I doubt not the "results" will be "great." And certainly, when your play concludes its run, the Millennium will be nearer—by the length of that run. Glory!

JOHN BULL.

To Rev. John Lobb, Esq.

Dear and Respected Brother,—Here we are again! Sorry to hear the news that you have been deprived of your watch and chain by the deft and light-fingered at King's Cross Station. But I was certain that watch-chain would get into trouble one of these days—there was such a lot of it. Spread across your white waistcoat, it was fated to attract special attention in a crowd. Of course you saw nobody lift the goods, and I understand you are still wondering where they are. Come, let me whisper. An invisible spook has got them.

I am really surprised at you, John. Here you are, conversing and taking tea with eminent spooks every day of your life, from the late Dan Leno to Jehoshophat, and still you don't recognise the nearness of one who gently insinuates his shadowy hand into your "weskit" pocket and spirits away your golden timepiece as if it had never been. You will admit that beside this startling evidence of the genuineness of the higher phenomena, the tea-cup miracles of the late Madame Blavatsky pale into insignificance. Without conjuring apparatus of any kind, without a word spoken, without a touch of which you were conscious, pop goes the weasel, and when you feel moved to grab that spirit, lo, it is gone—even as yesterday.

Ah, brother, brother, the world is full of mystery. Never, never forget the saying which is written: "The quickness of the hand deceives the eye"; and when again you are out and about in the sordid, material world, beware how the spirit moves.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Norman Frederick Hunter, Carlton House Terrace, London.

With pleasure I hear, my dear sir, that in announcing your forthcoming marriage, you state that "it is the especial wish of both parties that no wedding presents should be sent." It is a bold and considerate innovation. I like a man who buys his own wedding presents. There is a breezy air of self-reliance about him which is refreshing. You remind me of the aged optimist who last birthday bought himself a silver cigar-case, and had graven on it the inscription: "Presented to myself by myself in remembrance of my sixty-seventh birthday. Wishing myself many happy returns of the day, a merry Christmas, a happy New Year, and many of them." But I doubt whether many other people about to commit matrimony will follow your example. They would much rather have printed on the top of their cards: "Voluntary contributions thankfully received." As that is not *de rigueur* in the highest circles, they indulge in a polite form of blackmail, by inviting everybody of their acquaintance to the wedding—the understanding, of course, being that a present is expected.

Perhaps you have been examining published lists of other peoples' wedding presents, and have arrived at the solemn conclusion that the custom is liable to abuse. Of a hundred presents which you might have received, it is safe to say that fifty-six would have been toast racks, and forty-one jam servers. Now, marriage is a pleasant institution—at any rate in its earlier stages—but it does not follow that when two hearts beat as one they should feed on nothing except toast and jam. I have not the honour of your acquaintance, but I trust you will be happy.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Robert Hardie, Razor Artist, Shepherd's Bush.

Sir,—How do? I have just noticed your challenge to any man in the world to compete against you at quick-shaving or shaving blindfold for any sum not less than £50 a side up to £500. Hope you'll make a match, and hope you'll win, but I don't think I shall let you operate on me. In one way or another I get into many a scrape, and I've had some narrow shaves—but I draw the line at you. I don't want to see you cut and run.

Still, there is no doubt that you are a remarkable artist. You have shaved five men with a razor in 1min. 15secs. You have shaved one man with a carving knife in 43secs., and another man with a penknife in 27secs. But the glory of your life is that of having shaved a man blindfold in 1min. 27secs. I should be inclined to wonder where his nose was when you had done with him, but I presume you held on to it in order to keep your bearings. But you are silent as to the locality of his ears at the end of the performance. Were they still in their proper place, or in the soap-dish?

I see that you are willing to "give your services free" to any charitable institute for an exhibition consisting of fast shaving, shaving with a ten-inch bladed carving knife, or with a four-inch bladed pocketknife, or on the go-as-you-please-catch-as-catch-can principle after you have been blindfolded. I should think this entertainment would suit the Society for Promoting Christianity Among Butchers; but let the blood be on their own heads. I wash my hands of it.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Can you shave with a saw? If so, I can recommend a few customers.

ENGAGED!

A TELEPHONIC IDYLL.

Palmyra Pease was fond and fair,
And just about an age to know it;
She had a lustrous wealth of hair,
And fairy features right below it.
Her ways were not considered prim,
Her talk was neither wise nor witty,
Her fortune, like her form, was slim,
And now the reason for this ditty—
Attention all, and sit at ease,
I'll tell thee of Palmyra Pease.

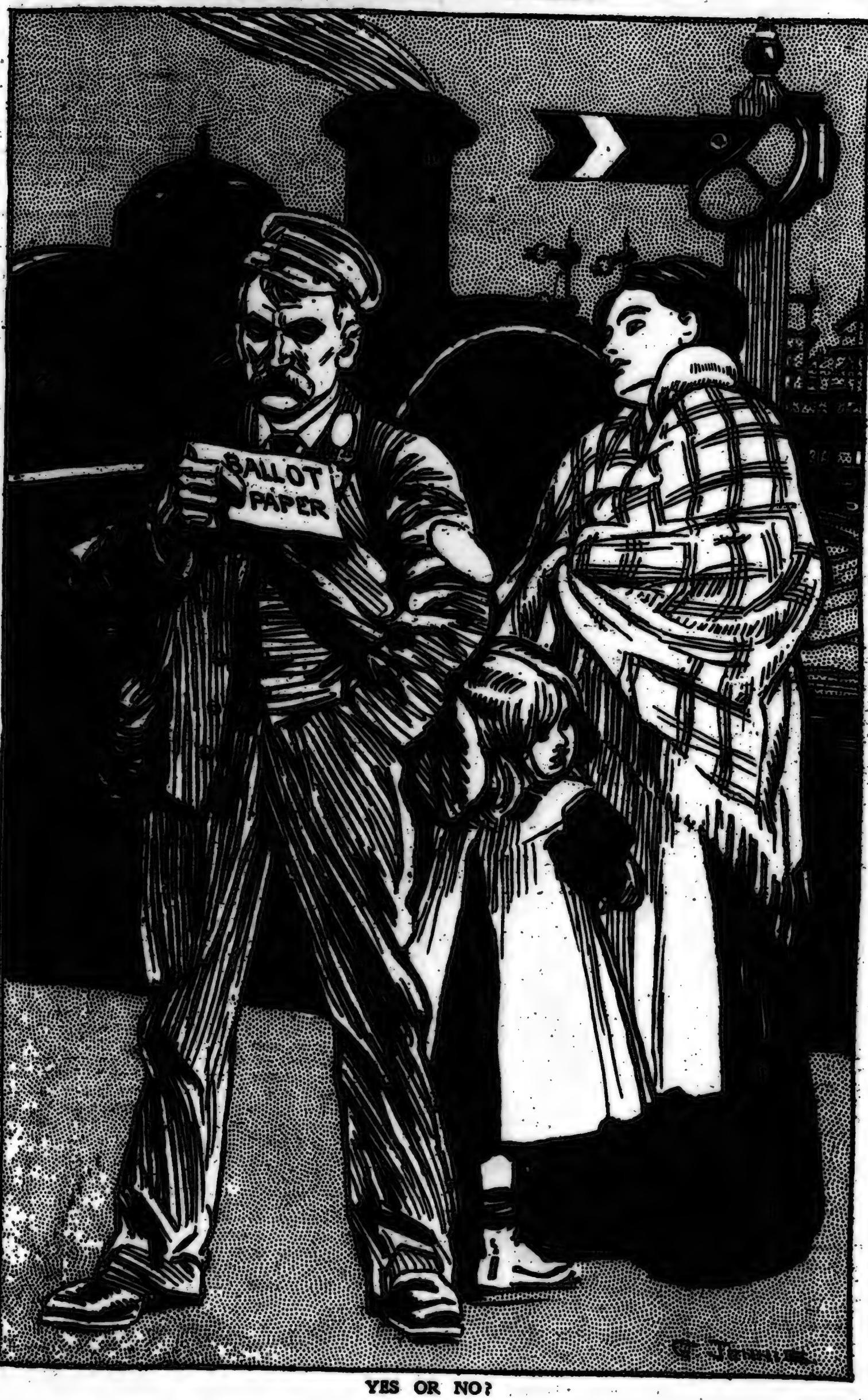
Palmyra worked the telephone:
She linked "receiver" up with "sender"
In ways exclusively her own,
At once both technical and tender.
It mattered not if trunks were "queered,"
Or lines distorted or deflected,
One dainty charm she had which cheered
The disconnected and dejected—
For, be it known, Palmyra Pease
Lithped when she murmured "Number, please."

Sub: two-four-eight rang up one day,
And he was careless, young and courtly,
A butcher, in a tidy way,
Whose income, like his build, was portly;
He rang again—(one must)—and heard
Across the racket, row and rumble,
Above the thousand voices blurred
In wild and ear-destroying jumble,
Through all the sounds that hiss and seethe,
That dulcet warble, "Number, please!"

That lisp-infatuated wight
Rang up Palmyra ev'ry morning,
Also each afternoon and night,
And scoffed alike at wink and warning;
At length, with bosom all afire,
He called impatiently, "Hello, there!
Are you engaged?" and, o'er the wire,
The lady shyly whithpered, "No, Thir."
Straight to the local parson went he;
Palmyra gave up Pease for Plenty.

MARK LANE.

THE RAILWAY BALLOT.



YES OR NO?

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Letter Bureaus and Bogus Managers.

I have received considerable information since last week on the subject of bogus theatrical managers. The latest discovery among bogus managers is one George Henry, who got together a company nominally to play in a drama called "The Sledge Hammer." He gave as his address 4, Duke Street, Adelphi, a letter bureau. The increasing use of newsagents' and barbers' shops as unofficial postes restantes may suggest the desirability of the Postmaster-General considering whether the existence of such houses of accommodation is in the general interests of the public. Henry's victims came to London from as far off as Liverpool, and all were stranded at Devonport within a week of the company starting its tour. At the best Henry was a dangerous speculator, at the worst a rogue. Henry said that his father was a well-known Methodist minister, which may or may not be true. Certainly Henry's statement, when he deserted his employees, that his father would pay their wages was untrue. I do not under-rate the importance to the profession of the other "burning questions" with which the Actors' Association and the Actors' Union propose to deal, but I submit that it is of extreme urgency that the enterprises of men of the Henry type should be rendered impossible. It were well that the actors insist on a time-limit being fixed by reputable managers for unpaid rehearsals and that a minimum wage be demanded from the same quarter, and that the music-hall artists should hold the leading variety managers to the terms of the Askwith award, if necessary by the strongest pressure. But among the immediate duties of the profession, of artists and managers alike, is the invention of means of stopping the games of the "wrong'uns" who disgrace and injure the profession as a body, and are especially detrimental to its poorer and less sophisticated members.

The Victim of Circumstances.

Of course, all managers, whether metropolitan or touring, who come a cropper are not necessarily rogues. For example, there is the sad case of Mr. Marshall Moore, whose strange letter to the company engaged by him to start a nine months' tour with "Rob Roy" and other plays at Glasgow lately has created a mild sensation in dramatic circles, and Mr. Moore, I believe, is a man of the highest integrity. In turn, he was with Mr. Chas. Frohman, Klaw and Erlanger, the late Sir Augustus Harris, and Mr. Oswald Stoll; and his reputation alike for straight dealing and ability is of the best. Mr. Moore was responsible for the spectacular side of the shows at the London Coliseum; and after that great house closed he had a bad time. He tried to organise a fine scheme for the Scala, but that proved abortive, through no fault of his. Sheer bad luck crushed a suburban repertory theatre with which Mr. Moore was associated. Now he has written a tragic letter to the members of the company organised by him recently, which was read to them at their assembly for the first rehearsal. Briefly, Mr. Moore's excuse is, that he was disappointed at the last by his financial backer, and that he is ruined and broken-spirited by the failure of the latter to fulfil his obligations.

The "Angel" and the Lady.

What Mr. Moore does not say, but I have heard elsewhere, is all to Mr. Moore's credit. As the price of his aid, the capitalist, I understand, eventually wanted to put into the leading lady's rôles a girl who, whatever her other virtues, was considered by Mr. Moore neither dramatically nor vocally fit to play these parts in a company comprising artists of the calibre of Mr. Whitworth Mitton, Mr. Leo Stormont, and Mr. George Thorne. Rather than attempt to run the show on these terms, Mr. Moore broke with his backer, tried to raise money on his insurance policy, and, failing this, took upon himself the odium of abandoning his projected tour at the outset, rather than floundering deeper and dragging a number of fellow actors and old friends with him. "I am 'bogus,'" writes Mr. Moore in effect, "by the fault of another; but I am trying to be 'bogus' as little as possible." If the facts as narrated to me by a third party be true—and I think they are—Mr. Moore and the company alike deserve sympathy.

Acting Academies and the Unemployed.

Controversy still wages in the professional papers on the twin subjects of the organisation of actors and their academic training. The chief danger in the way of the new unionism among actors may be supplied by the surviving specimens of the old-style mummer. In his letters to the *Stage* and the *Era* you may observe a deep hatred of all academies and schools, a pitiful reverence for stock companies, the "road," and other desperate forms of professional education. I am myself a believer in the greater efficacy of practical life as an educative factor than of most of the places we call academies and schools. The real objection of the old-style actor is not, however, to the academy as a means of education, but to its activity as an employment agency: his diatribes savour of the anti-machinery agitations that convulsed the boot and hosiery and other trades in earlier days. I have some sympathy with the prejudice of the old-style actor on this point; but facts are more stubborn and powerful things than prejudices. The Academy of Acting is an established fact; it must continue, and the organised actors will be well advised to abstain from futile sneers at an institution whose artistic possibilities are undoubted. Graduates in this Academy are employed by London managers in subordinate rôles not because they are cheaper, but because they are, in the opinion of those managers, better trained for the special duties required of them than many of the people they are displacing, more adaptable, more effectively disciplined, of high educational attainments. Whether they can act better is a matter of opinion; certainly none of them has yet shown much more than comparatively common talent.

An Overcrowded Profession.

Regarded merely in the sense of quantity, they are helping to emphasise the already over-crowded state of the theatrical market. More than 2,000 minor actresses are at present searching vainly for work in London alone—2,000 out of, say, 4,000 so-called actressses in London, or 50 per cent. of the whole. Regarded merely in the sense of quality, the trained students of the Academy, I think, are a valuable addition to the average acting strength of the English stage, and with the passage of years they should become increasingly so. Anyway, there are more important matters to the hand of the Actors' Union than the limitation of the output of the Academy of Acting—albeit one day this point may be tackled as legitimately as the problem of apprenticeship has been tackled by other trade unions. The minimum wage is the key to the whole situation; and it should be dealt with first.

The Provincial Theatre.

Several readers are agreed that my recent remarks on the remedies for theatrical depression in the provinces were not entirely beside the point. Says one of these readers: "A supply of good plays, I believe, can be best secured by the closer co-operation of producing London managers and resident local managers, and in the smaller towns by the application of the co-operative-subscription or book-club system to the maintenance of the local theatre or assembly hall. I resided for a time recently in a town of some 150,000 persons, not many miles from London. It was a great educational and residential centre, yet at one of the two local theatres a precarious dividend was earned by the supply of the worst kind of melodrama, whilst the other house 'did not pay.' Inquiring into this state of affairs, I found that the better-class theatre shut its doors all the summer—although the population did not shrink much, if at all, in the hot weather, many Londoners coming to stay in the vicinity for weeks on end—and in the winter had no fixed policy of any sort, It staged one week a capital comedy show, the next a third-rate musical comedy, and again a vulgar melodrama. Every evening half as many people as would have filled this theatre came to London, at an outlay they could ill afford, just to see a play. Many of these, I discovered, would willingly have paid a stiff annual subscription for a family season-ticket, if in return the local theatre would have guaranteed them, say, twenty-six decent comedy and musical bills per annum; they did, in fact, spend quite a large sum through a literary-dramatic organisation, so that 'the girls' could see an occasional play just passably done at an institute in the town, where lecturers on Palestine and society entertainers were thrown in as a sort of make-weight. They went to the local theatre rarely, they said, having been disappointed so often by what was offered them there." Perhaps experiments like the new Playgoers Theatre in Manchester may help to alter this state of things in time.

The Fun City.

Apropos de fairs, I am reminded that the giant fair at Olympia last winter, called "The Fun City," was a huge success. Mr. C. B. Cochran is now busily organising number two of the series, which will be opened at Christmas, and offer more novel attractions than any similar show ever held, either in England or America, save, perhaps, Coney Island itself. All the latest Yankee notions will be displayed, and many Continental attractions are coming. "A human roulette board," an Assouan village, "Creation" ("an illusion typifying the birth of the world"), a Midget City, a Congress of Wild Beasts, racing cockerels—these are only part of the huge sixpenn'orth promised. Demos—who it is pleasing to note is now being catered for most generously at the Crystal Palace, by the way—should be very happy at the new Fun City.

P.

IRISH NOTES.
(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

SMART, BUT OUTRAGEOUS.

Good luck to Tommy Lipton and his fourth "Shamrock"—and the fifth "Shamrock," too, if it be true that he is about to build and enter two boats. All true Britons will hope that the sporting baronet will bring the pot home; but, at the same time, a bad start—not his fault—has been made. The Press has reasonable grounds for feeling sore with the secretary of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, who cabled the challenge on behalf of Sir Thomas. A London daily announced that the challenge was about to be sent, and that a meeting of the committee for that purpose was to be held. The day the paragraph appeared the Press asked the secretary of the club for a confirmation, and he officially authorised a contradiction, which was duly published around the kingdom. Hours afterwards, even when the challenge had reached New York over the cable and was acknowledged in the American papers, this very strange official deceived the correspondents, and led them to believe that he knew nothing about the challenge, and said that no meeting of the committee would be held until October. That night he posted each of the inquirers a letter informing them that he had that morning cabled the challenge on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton! No doubt the smart Mr. Smyth thought he was very clever and boasted to his friends about how he "put the Pressmen off." Probably he has not brains enough to realise that it is quite an outrageous thing to wilfully mislead those who are charged with providing accurate information, which is the very breath of the journalist's professional nostrils. The America Cup race has begun with a lie—more than one lie, if I am correctly informed—and good Sunday-school children believe that anything started with a lie cannot succeed!

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

"Once." By Curtis Yorke. (London: Jarrold. Price 6d.)
"Dudley." By Curtis Yorke. (London: Jarrold. Price 6d.)

The title-pages of these volumes reveal the fact that Curtis Yorke has written a great number of books, including one entitled "Hush." I am surprised that she should have been encouraged to take so much trouble, for she reveals no trace of literary skill, she arouses no interest, and the gushing twaddle of her insipid puppets can inspire even the most unsophisticated flappers to nothing more exhilarating than yawns. The names "Hush" and "Once" are certainly suitable to this writer's works. I am only sorry she did not take the hints which they provided. I suggest "Gas" and "Pish" for the inevitable sequels.

"Joe Skinner, or the Man with the Sneer." By Arthur Scott Craven. (London: Elkin Mathews. 1907. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Craven writes doggrel with that kind of facility which attracts people to the Gilbertian muse. He has considerable command of language, a quaint, surprising turn of expression, and what Lord Randolph Churchill called "spontaneity and simultaneity." The thing is to read him as fast as you can gabble.

"Collins' Modern Fiction": "The Secret Woman," by Eden Phillpotts; "The Great Refusal," by Maxwell Gray; "The Golden Butterfly," by Besant and Rice; "The Brown Eyes of Mary," by Madame Albanesi. 7d. each.

These reprints are marvellous at the price. Clear type, sturdy paper, and neat cloth covers, actually lettered at the back in gold, afford a striking contrast to the flimsy paper novels which cost only a penny less. How Messrs. Collins can make a profit on them, heaven only knows. Their coloured illustrations are terribly garish, but it is extraordinary that they can give us coloured illustrations at all. I do not congratulate them on their selection of books for the series, but I hope they will be encouraged to persevere. "The Great Refusal" is one of the stupidest books ever written, and Madame Albanesi is a terrible bore. Still, they deserve a welcome as courageous pioneers.

"Marcus Hay." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. Westminster: Constable. 1907. Price 6s.

We thought the Haggard school of fiction had passed away, but here it is again in full swing. Treasure and witchcraft and murderous natives and a healthy young Englishman, bold as a lion, and a virtuous young Englishwoman, bold as a lioness: none of them are lacking. But the incidents are fresh, the grammar is an improvement on Haggard's, and there are plenty of exciting adventures. The story drags a little at first, but soon improves and finally carries the reader away. The descriptions of places and natives are excellent, and the author has evidently studied his subject very carefully.

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SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

LIARS.

By Jim Crow.

[*We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.*]

Liars have been classified as liars, damned liars, and diplomatists. Let us begin by considering the first two categories, summing them up as the Whites and the Blacks, like the conflicting sections of Roman society.

White Lying.

I shall probably raise a storm in a flower-pot, but I contend that, far from being reprehensible, white lying ought to be encouraged. I would have it taught in schools, stimulated by scholarships, rewarded with honorary degrees. There should be a Chair (or Bed) of Lying at every university, for what is white lying but an expression of the imagination, which is the salt on the tail of the soul? Some thoughtless parents check their children when the dear little pets prattle about having seen an elephant in the cow-shed or a lion in the library. This is a mistake, for it tends to stunt their fancy. It is also inconsistent, for the same parents will lie in their teeth, when they are questioned about the arrival of a little stranger. They will solemnly relate some cock-and-bull yarn about his being conveyed by a stork or a doctor, and all that simply to avoid an obstetrical explanation. Such conduct is bound to be discovered sooner or later, and then all confidence between parent and child is gone. We are told that liars should have a good memory, but it is even more important that they should have a sense of proportion and a nose for probability.

The Literary Lie.

If you condemn white lies, you must tolerate no fairy-tales in your nursery. Ali Baba, Puss in Boots, Little Klaus and Big Klaus, even the Big Bear and the Little Bear, and the Middle-sized Bear—all must be put upon your index. You will ruthlessly remove one of the very few joys of the dismal days of childhood. You will also cry: Away with poetry, accursed be romance, down with the drama, perish the pantomime. You will burn many books of travel, most histories, and every volume of reminiscences. Indeed, I do not see what books you can absolve from your sentence of death. You will light a bonfire every year to celebrate the destruction of the library at Alexandria.

The Mendacity of Politeness.

What would happen to society if we were all compelled to speak the strict truth? Is it not far less offensive to say "Glad to see you" rather than "Good Lord, that old bore again"; "Not at home" rather than "Go away"; or to utter some harmless, insincere amenity rather than to mutter some crude, rough, gruff truth which affords no satisfaction except to the barbarous conscience of an undeveloped creature? Here I might digress on the topic of other-worldliness. I really must indite a monstrous philippic one day with other-worldliness for my text. The sanction for truthfulness is the dread of hell-fire. Well, would not a true gentleman risk all pains and penalties, here and hereafter, rather than hurt the susceptibilities of others by avoidable discourtesy? Yes, and he would risk very little, for Allah is not only akhbar, but also "the merciful, the compassionate."

Sundries.

If we forbid white lies, we shall forbid all tropes, all metaphors, which make a language live. It is not strictly accurate to say that it rained like the devil, that we fought like tigers, that our love is everlasting. Love! What more reckless instigator of white lies ever existed than Cupid? All lovers' vows are an exaggeration. They may not seem so at the time, but they assume that aspect when matrimony has been measured in terms of children and rates and taxes. Perhaps I am not qualified to pronounce on that point, for my lines have been laid in goodly places—there are no children by Jim Crow, and my married life is an unending honeymoon. But I am sufficiently sympathetic to understand the shortcomings of others (pigs and foreigners always excepted). Let them live in their fools'-paradise as long as they can. I mean to dwell in mine for ever and for ever.

Red Truths.

This question of veracity always pleases me by its infinite subtlety. It is like the binomial theorem, or the parallelogram of forces, or the squaring of the circle, or some puzzle which is never quite satisfactorily resolved. I have talked of white lies. But what about red truths? Suppose me, for the sake of argument, in the hands of Servian regicides or Chinese brigands or Prussian invaders, confronted by a whole armoury of instruments of torture. If I tell the truth, an empire will fall, my nearest and dearest will suffer the most loathsome ignominy. I have only to speak the plain truth and the grossest injustice will be committed. If I tell a lie, I shall be believed, and all will be well. Come now, my oily Nonconformist, answer that. Don't try to wriggle out of the problem by saying that I can refuse to answer. At this particular juncture, if I refuse to answer, my refusal will give the case away. My country will suffer misery and penury for years, all the hardships and outrages of an alien invasion; my loved ones will be butchered and outraged. On the other hand, if I tell an easy lie (which no one can ever bring home to me), all will be well: Britannia will continue to rule the waves, my wife will still be an honest woman, my father will not have his throat cut before my eyes. Come now, Mr. Plymouth Brother, am I to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Am I to sacrifice all and everybody that I hold dear, merely to satisfy a silly convention, in the vain hope that it will avail me at the mercy-seat?

The Whole Hog of Veracity.

Pause before you answer. I have you in a cleft stick. You are itching to urge me to lie. But if you once admit that I may lie for a great object, why may I not lie for a small one? Who is to weigh the precise equivalent of the gold of truthfulness in the measure of expediency avoirdupois? I am afraid I have departed from the calm attitude which I endeavour to maintain in these columns. I began by the usual Socratic method of pulling legs, but I have now reached the verge of an ethical problem, which I leave you to resolve. Write to me about it. Every letter which reaches this office praising or attacking Jim Crow, proves that I have touched the spot and set some one thinking. I do not court popularity. If I did I should not be able to speak my mind. I have not even any great lesson to teach to-day. I only want to shake the conventional theory that lying is necessarily a sin. My only object is to set people thinking. Very few people ever trouble to think.

Is Lying a Sin?

Lying is not forbidden by the Ten Commandments. Some theologians have tried to cover it with the Ninth Commandment, but false witness is a very different thing from such lies as poetry, or Don Quixote, or a picture by Sargent. False witness is the black lie, which I am disposed to define as a verbal injury. Some black lies may be justified by means of a little sophistry. For instance, I should not hesitate to bring unfounded charges against a notorious politician, if I steadfastly believed that his success would ruin the country. I would tell any lie about a Protectionist if there were any chance of his policy's adoption by the country. I would trump up charges against a man in order to prevent him from contracting a marriage which would certainly bring disaster to a girl I loved. I don't quite know where I would stop in my mendacious career, but I agree with the Jesuits in doing evil that good may come. I would do evil to one man in order that good might come to many. I might even do evil to many in order that good might come to me. It depends how far I was tempted. But at any rate I hope I should always be *splendide mendax*. When we lie, let us lie like gentlemen. No one will defend the cowardly lie, which is uttered for the purpose of avoiding a quarrel or a bad opinion.

Diplomatists.

I dare say my defence of lying may startle some good folk who have never thought the question out thoroughly. But let me remind them that lying is thoroughly accepted as part of the game of diplomacy. Any ambassador will swear anything to secure a small advantage for his country. "A salisbury" is quite as integral a part of the language as "a terminological inexactitude." Why deny to individuals what you tacitly allow to statesmen? Does not the success of private life also depend upon diplomacy?

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

At night when I sit by my cabin fire,
And watch the fire-flies glow,
I see the red moon rise and soar
Behind the wood below.

I hear the night wind, wild and free,
Come sighing through the hills;
And the song it sings, while the moonlight brings
My heart's desire to me.

And your face, dear one, with mist for veil,
Fit for a wood-sprite's bride,
Smiles through the darkness in the dale,
But your sweetness does not hide.

. . . . . .

The vision fades—she's o'er the sea
A thousand leagues away;
But every night on the moonbeams bright
Her Spirit comes to me.

R. E. Whitteridge.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Charm of Tobacco.

The other day I was asked a somewhat difficult question —"Why do women smoke?" To start with, the majority of women do no such thing, and as regards those who do, well—usually the motives that prompt a man to any course of action are likewise the reasons that account for a woman acting in a similar fashion. Accordingly, I put the poser to a man: "Why do you smoke?" After a brief cross-examination, the only definite excuse—if so it could be termed—was that to emulate a chimney soothed my gentleman's nerves! This, then, is doubtless woman's object when she "lights up," and verily, considering the wear and tear of modern life, who can complain? Why, the mere fact of living in a city where motor-cars career wildly in crowded streets is alone sufficient to drive us all to "the weed." Some young girls occasionally struggle through a cigarette in company with their men friends under the idea that it is a form of mild debauchery, likely to endow them with some of the allurements that are supposed to envelope "The Worst Woman in London" type of female. Undeniably a cigarette does help to rivet attention upon curved and rosy lips, and damsels not accustomed to smoking often contrive to put on a delightful expression of saucy defiance as they puff away, pretending to be quite happy and at ease. However, I know of a young woman who first won her future husband's admiration by being the only one amid her companions who was not intent on blowing spirals into the air, so that girls who smoke to render themselves attractive sometimes defeat their own ends.

Hints to the Sorrowful.

Mrs. Eustace Miles gives it as her opinion that sewing answers the purpose not only of a nerve cure, but as an alleviator in time of trouble. She gives as example the case of a jilted maiden whose broken heart was first soothed by the timely suggestion that she should make herself a new dress. This may answer in some cases, but surely there is no special charm about stitching? The only thing that can be of real assistance in time of mental trouble is something that will distract the mind, bring fresh interests into life, and thus prevent useless brooding. For this purpose needlework is far from being the most satisfactory choice. The simplicity and monotony of stitching is such that only a brain of mouse-like dimensions can expend its whole force upon such a trivial employment. Any intelligent woman can sew and meditate at one and the same time, and do both perfectly. If her heart is heavy, her thoughts will be sad—and then wherein is the alleviation? What is really required is some occupation that calls every atom of intellectual power into play, and thus allows no opportunity for personal thought. How, for instance, can one think of oneself and one's grievances while the mind is bent on the elucidation of a problem in Euclid? A successful woman novelist, at a time of great disillusionment and distress of mind, took up the study of the ancient Greek tongue. She found that with her feet on the fender, a classical volume in her hand, and the Greek dictionary not too far away, she could forget all her troubles. With a needle and a half-made blouse, I fear the result would have been less satisfactory. Stitching, of course, is better than nothing. When Marie Antoinette and the other Royal women prisoners of the French Revolution were deprived of their scissors and were thus unable to continue their embroidery, the loss was most keenly felt, while the life-long captivity of Mary, Queen of Scots, was doubtless considerably lightened by her fondness for art needlework.

A Simple Apple Pudding.

Now the season of apples is here, the following delicious pudding can be easily made. Peel, quarter, and core five or six sour apples; put in a saucepan with barely enough water to cover them, and stew until perfectly soft. Add two ounces of butter, four ounces of sugar, half a teaspoonful of mace, one-third of a nutmeg grated, the grated rind of a lemon, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and half a gill of milk. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, mix them lightly with the apple, &c., then pour into paste-lined plates and bake until the pastry is done.

DO YOU KNOW

Do you know that constipation fills your blood with impurities? It does; and the result is that your whole system is upset. One of the most common effects of constipation is headache, and another, skin troubles; but there is no end to the mischief that may ensue. Small wonder that you grow pale, weak and anæmic. But the remedy is at hand—Mother Seigel's Syrup. Take it and suffer no more.

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WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See page 1.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the Government deserves (ar)rest.——That the Suffragette motto is, "Union is Strength."——That the Drury Lane play was to have been called "The *Sims* of Society."——That the Kent "hoppers" are not a "scratch" lot.——That a "Lyons' *Mail*" is to follow the "Lyons' Library."——That the Calcutta mob did *not* stick up for its "Pal."

Archdeacon Colley, the Spiritualist, is giving prizes of fruit to children in Stockton who call at his house and recite texts. Extra good reciters will no doubt get a Colley flower as well.

Justice Pickford has just made absolute 33 decrees nisi in one day. Quite a van-load.

The *Evening News* says Lord Rosebery has been "drummed out" of the Liberal party. Worse than that, however: Mr. Asquith sits for Fife.

Another partition of Poland! But it was only Sir Harry's watch this time. Chinn got 3½ years for his scrape.

Lord Charles Beresford recently asked the Mayor of Douglas to "send plenty of ladies" to visit his ships. We are not sure that he ought not to be sent to Coventry.

A contemporary asserts that "the Molyneux family has been gradually parting from Liberalism for half a century. The fourth Earl was a Liberal Unionist. The fifth Earl was a lunatic. The sixth Earl is a Liberal Leaguer." It seems, then, that a lunatic is something between the two.

We observe that "Notices have been posted at Metropolitan police stations offering rewards for information concerning fathers who have abandoned children to the value of £675." Evidently some of the exhibits at the Baby Show have not been fetched away.

COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS:—

Hooligan Jelly.—Take one inoffensive traveller and set him in the middle of London. Have ready some raw Hooligan; set on to the traveller and make things warm for him. When well beaten, pound to a jelly, extract watch, stick to the tin, and cut.

Cabbin' it Pudding.—Take one cab—to the utmost limits of the legal fare. Turn out when done, and add a heaping handful of coppers—amounting in all to one shilling. Stand a little way off while he boils and the air thickens. Strain your ears till the flow of language has ceased; or let the sounds grate on the ear and finish with a peeler.

Hoax-tale Soup.—Take one well-seasoned traveller and set over a clear fire, along with a good sprinkling of listeners, making sure that the latter are nice and fresh. Add a kidney or a few slices of cod with a good pinch of salt. Prepare some good well-coloured stories, not too underdone, and stuff. A little wine will be found a great improvement should the dish prove indigestible.

To Hang Pictures.—After futile experiments in which one mistakes the thumb-nail for the brass-headed article, the best and pleasantest method will be found to be to hold the steps for your wife and criticise the pictures afterwards.

The *Daily Telegraph* discourses about "Slack Mothers." Would it prefer them tight?

A furniture dealer in Putney has issued a trade circular, in which he says, among other things:—"A £40 flat furnished by me is recognised as unapproachable." No doubt.

Mr. Chaplin in a recent speech to his constituents said, "I was a stranger, and you took me in." Mr. Chaplin believes in Retaliation.

"Will any kind lady or gentleman help? A tall young man, in a great distress, would be very grateful for any kind help and assistance." The tall young man is evidently short.

Every brewers' drayman is allowed the privilege, according to police-court evidence recently, of drinking half-a-gallon of beer every day, or carrying it home. Why "or"?

Mdme. Nordica contemplates establishing a Wagner home on the Hudson. We presume it will be called the Hudson's Bayreuth.

"Every Woman's Own Lawyer" should fill a long felt want. It will enable a woman to argue her own case.

A labourer at Chailey was recently stung by a wasp. The man was yawning at the time. What a good thing there are no wasps in the House of Commons.

A parish church magazine announces a forthcoming offertory for the "sick and seedy." The proof reader should be given a holiday spell.

A West End tailor claims to have invented a reversible coat. But the thing has been in use in Parliament for centuries.

Mr. "Boadicea" Hunt, during one of the last all-night sittings, invited the Liberals to "come over to the Opposition benches and look at their own faces." But that would be turning their backs on themselves.

A physician writes, "There is good evidence for believing the normal length of life might be increased to 200 years within less than three centuries of the present time." A fairly safe prophecy.

A ladies' journal asserts that "Dress should express our emotions." We wonder what exact shade of cloth Messrs. Curzon keep to express the delight of winning a JOHN BULL fiver.

Rev. Cortland Myers, preaching in New York recently, asked Mr. Rockefeller for the trifling sum of £20,000,000 "to spread Evangelism." But Jawn D. prefers a Standard of his own. Besides, he has already taken one parson on.

The *Daily News* refers to the "Tory temperament" as "Eleutherophobic diathesis." We are anxious to know what an Esperantist would make of that.

A contemporary says, "Women's vanity bags are assuming grotesque shapes." We presume the writer has been studying the back gardens on his railway journeys to town.

An abundant crop of Californian oranges has led to the Santa Clara river being choked up with tons of fruit from the overcrowded orchards. This must be the place "where the sunset turns the ocean blue to gold." A marmalade factory ought to do well out there.

A contemporary asks, "Does Wagner's music cause suicide?" If Wagner hadn't gone and died, it might have caused murder, too.

A medical journal asserts that "No man should marry a woman unless he can lift her up by both arms above his head." Query: And bump her on the ground?

A racing correspondent writes: "No better morning could be found than Saturday for watching work." Jim Crow thinks one morning as good as another.

A Church Army official recently met a man with a legend "Totally Blind," and accompanied by his wife. The next day he again met them, but this time the lady bore the legend. If he had met them later he would probably have found both of them "blind."

The *Tatler*, in an article on "Men's Dress," says the swallow-tail coat has been supplanted by the dinner jacket, and dress waistcoats other than of broadcloth are the accepted fashion. *The banishment of trousers* will not inconceivably pave the way for further changes.

A Government organ says that Austro-Hungary sends to Egypt every year a large quantity of black and coloured kids. Is this another terminological inexactitude?

A Chelmsford witness in an assault case said: "He struck my son with a banjo, or some old thing he makes a noise with in public-houses to get a drink." Not bad.

At a Dorsetshire Unionist fête recently a donkey race was held, and one of the patient animals was christened by its owner "Van Raalte"—after the name of the Unionist candidate! A delicate compliment.

A constable was recently killed, and a small committee got up a subscription for his family. Subscriptions were limited to 5s., but one gentleman handed over a sovereign. On being informed of the limit, however, he refused the proffered change, saying, "No, thanks; kill three more."

The latest ladies' fad is the toy dog, and the favourite at present is the kind that can be tucked into an overcoat pocket or carried in a lady's handbag. A contemporary says, "Now we want a waistcoat-pocket dog—one about the size of a watch." Of course it will have to be kept on the chain.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS:—

"A Walking Gentleman" (Prior). This is clearly a misnomer. Everyone knows that a gentleman is one who keeps a gig.

"The Helpmate" (Sinclair). We presume the scene is laid at a matrimonial agency.

"Under the Pompadour" (Jennings). As a contemporary says it is "throbbing with life," we presume this book refers to one of the fashionable hats with birds, beasts, and fishes all over it.

Under "Theology" we note "Golden Sayings of Blessed Brother Giles." We remember "Giles' Trip to London," but what he said to the copper was not blessed, though the fine was golden.

"The Secret of Genesis" (Griffiths).—The old, old problem—which came first, the hen or the egg?

"The Rainy Day," by the author of "Closed Doors." We suppose this is a sequel, but it looks like putting the cart before the horse.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

E. S. (London).—We have called attention to the alleged over-working and under-feeding by Messrs. Lyons of their female attendants. But we must hear the other side of the story.

DISGUSTED (Ealing).—There is not much to complain of in the Churchwardens' "Demand Note," since it clearly states that "The payment of the above rate is voluntary." Some of the "Demands" for Church Rates, which we have seen, are much more worthy of a biscuit.

WALLACE (Wellington).—Let us hear from you again, with full particulars, and the matter shall have immediate attention on the return of the editor at the end of the month.

K. C. (Tottenham).—We would not risk our readers' limbs.

A. L. G. (Aberdeen).—Very pawky.

J. G. D. (Nottingham).—We have already warned our readers against Gerome, who is now trying to sell picture post-cards by means of Limerick competitions.

"DESIROUS" (Holloway).—We make it a rule not to recommend particular firms of solicitors.

G. W. C. (Birmingham) sends an account of how a deceased wife's sister was "cut by the Bible-class" because she remained under the widower's roof and looked after his children. Surely when the people could not be married, there was no excuse for censure. Since the recent Act, it would be different.

F. F. (Sheffield).—It may be laudable to have a family, but it would certainly be more so to maintain them.

H. W. (Cleethorpes).—Not quite ambiguous enough.

A. B. (De Beauvoir Town).—Some people may consider parrots to be musical instruments.

H. G. H. (London, E.C.) writes: "With regard to Jim Crow, his writings are very amusing, but for sensible plain talk and criticism, I like Herbert Vivian after the editor's notes. I like your political views and, although not altogether with you, I respect you, and that is a great deal. I say, whatever a man is, let him hear his opponent, and not get bigoted with his own precious opinion." Hear, hear!

T. E. H. (London, E.C.).—A good many people are waiting for biscuits, but we will bear your recommendations in mind. Thanks for blowing our trumpet.

J. C. (Morley).—We can scarcely give Lord Northcliffe a biscuit for writing about an "air brush." It is the poor fellow's vernacular.

S. J. L. (Camborne) remarks that the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society seems an expensive concern to run. It has provided for 12,954 children during the last 26 years, and its income during a recent fortnight was £2,595. If that income represents an average, we agree that the Society might do more.

A. E. G. (Stamford Hill).—Yes, we agree in wondering that the *Morning Leader* should have taken so long to hear of John D. MacDonald Co., Premium Tea Company, etc.

"TREPOLPEN" (St. Ives).—We had already laughed about the "mother of forty-five." How are photographs taken with a tar-brush? Jim Crow declines to be silhouetted. It is enough for him that all his acquaintances cut him.

"QUERIST" (Gunnersbury).—See answer to "Trepolpen."

A. F. (Bromley) found one of our open post-cards "freer than usual from offensiveness of manner." Unfortunately we have no space to deal with all his theological arguments. We are content to say that we would not willingly hurt any man's conscience.

"254,398" (Cudworth) scoffs at an advertisement which says, "If you are a man, keep on bullying your wife until she gets a tin" of some condiment. Surely a better plan would be to forbid her.

"SULIS" (Bath).—We have often criticised the M. A. Winter Company. Glad you are working so diligently on our behalf.

C. W. J. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Thanks for hint. But naturally there are not enough fivers to go the round of all our readers, and those who grow tired of hunting up their numbers can still enjoy the rest of the paper.

"ADMIRER" (West Kensington) is incredulous about some statements in the *Evening News* about the "Lusitania." He does not believe that she "clanged her fog-bell," nor that "three hundred picked stokers were in her engine-room."

J. T. E. (Sheffield) puzzles us by asking us how he can qualify himself to earn £200 a year very soon. He is now a clerk, 21 years of age. We do not know his particular aptitudes. How many languages does he know? How much imagination does he possess?

W. H. (Tottenham) regrets that Jim Crow did not sleep in a comfortable inn while 300 persons scoured the hills in search of him. But Crow is not easy to lose.

W. Y. J. (Manchester) sends a picture from the *Manchester Daily Despatch*, and points out that a 40-ton bronze is being lifted from a one-horse lorry by a 5-ton crane. We are glad to possess so observant a reader.

D. O. (Felixstowe).—Help! help! We abhor Limericks.

W. T. (Wallsend) wants a good recipe for darkening the hair. Why not rub it with Wallsend coal?

"BULLITE" (Manchester).—Thanks for pretty picture.

W. H. H. (London, N.) wants someone to assist him in running an office for criminal enquiry work. He says he prepared most of the evidence for the Police Commission and did not get paid.

"Thanks for putting me on to the Clemak safety RAZOR it's a jolly good thing."

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that means a "square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are complete at Five Shillings. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber with the first shave—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy "CLEMAK" blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 2/6 per packet of 6, post free.

"COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED" IS THE "CLEMAK" MOTTO.

"CLEMAK" book on "SELF-SHAVING" (40 pages) post free on application.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, fresh

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On Sale at all Clements' Razor Depots: 99 & 103, Strand (under Savoy Hotel), 42, Old Bread Street, 45, Moorgate Street, 68, Cheapside (under Bennett's clock), 127, High Holborn, 41, Gracechurch Street, 12, London Street, E.C., 45, Queen Victoria Street, 17, Billiter Street.

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a thick, close, creamy lather, quick to soften, slow to dry; a mildness that never irritates and a perfume that delights.

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in Ivorine case, allowing direct application of soap to face, 1/- each. Ordinary cake in carton, 4½d. each, of most Hairdressers and Chemists.

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NOW READY.

Price THREEPENCE. By post 4½d.

At All Newsagents' and Bookstalls.

OFFICES:—4, RED LION COURT.

C. A. C. (London, N.) wants to know of "any genuine publications on the subject of stammering." Will any ex-stutterer oblige?

F. O. S. (Shepherd's Bush) asks whether, if he wrote a book after Dickens, a play after "Never Too Late to Mend," and a music-hall sketch, he would be able to find a market for them. It depends how far after they were. He also urged us to back Flax Park for the Great Ebor, but luckily we were not gamblers.

W. B. S. asks if it is henpecking to attack a husband with a poker and table-knife. Yes, one of the milder forms, we imagine.

"JIM'S GIRL" (York) offers a cast-iron camera to take Jim Crow's photograph. Jim says:—"Send—no, bring it along, and we will develop the film together." We thank her for her biscuit, which shall be awarded.

G. A. C. (Southsea) called upon Hetherington's Employment Agency (Strand, W.C.) in January, and paid a 2s. 6d. booking fee in the hope of obtaining employment as a waiter. He was told to call in the mornings, and did so for nearly a month. Then he left London, and was told he should hear if there was any news. So far he has obtained no employment. That is perhaps not a grievance, as there was no guarantee of a post, but he is justified in blaming the agency for continually advertising posts which they are not in a position to offer. It is usually a mistake to pay fees in advance.

M. J. (London, S.W.) sends an example of feminine logic, but he must remember that suffragettes are not serving the cause of their sex by their present antics.

W. A. L. (Wood Green).—These confusions of dates occur too often to be rewarded with biscuits every time.

H. C. B. (Cheshunt).—We are not responsible for the errors of our correspondents.

C. W. S. (Great Sutton).—We do not presume to explain how the *Daily Telegraph* came to criticise scenes which did not occur in a play, but we should not consider it necessarily heinous if their critic attended rehearsals.

H. E. (Victoria Park) writes:—"At last the Limerickers are getting their deserts. *Pearson's Weekly* announces on its posters in North London this week, 'Another Winner in Holloway.'" Is this intelligent anticipation?

W. G. W. (Barnt Green) and C. G. (Birmingham) send a cutting about a child of 22 months, who "complained of shock" after being bruised in a tram collision. We should have yelled, too.

E. J. F. (Stoke Newington).—Thanks for the bit of poetry.

G. E. A. (Marlborough).—We do not bake funeral biscuits.

P. F. A. (London, W.).—No doubt everybody thought his own line the best, but we decline to pronounce on the comparative merits of Limericks. Your line did not mince things very modestly. Nor did we know that swimmers suffered from sea-sickness.

A. D. (Southall).—We should not be in a hurry to apply to an advertising money-lender. Are you sure the 3 per cent. is per annum? And what about security?

A. A. (St. John's Wood).—We take no interest in dead actresses.

F. W. R. (Balham), G. E. (Edinburgh), and others.—It may have seemed inconsistent, but the misprint amused us.

CAPTAIN R. T. T.—Thanks for amusing lines, but we are tired of hearing about Limericks.

E. A. W. (Stoke Newington).—We agree with your twenty reasons why the middle classes should oppose Socialism. But why only twenty reasons, and why only the middle classes?

J. W. B. (London, N.).—What a pity! Religion and toleration should go together.

Can you add these figures correctly in a few seconds?

£	s.	d.
23836	17	11
778722	14	6
8377	19	6
178556	17	3
328334	18	9
88020	14	3
39707	9	7
248	4	11
69430	9	9

Clerks, Shopkeepers, Accountants, and every Commercial and Professional Man—get this Machine—and save your brains.

It saves you countless hours of labour, saves you hard cash. It adds like lightning, and CANNOT ERR: it also subtracts, multiplies and divides. It is constructed of light metals, it takes one minute to learn, does the work of a £30-machine, and wears everlastingly. It is the simplest and yet the most comprehensive Calculator ever invented.

The "ADALL" CALCULATOR Price 10/6 In Handsome Case complete.

Use it in your shop, your office, your home: it saves its cost the first week. Nobody who has figures to handle should be without it. Agents wanted.

The ADALL CO. (Dept. 13), Temple Courts, Temple Row, Birmingham.

P. W. (Walworth) says Henry IX. was not the last of the Stuarts, and asks us about Princess Ludwig of Bavaria. She is not a Stuart, but she is the heiress of the Stuarts, and would have been Queen of England to-day but for the Act of Settlement. We understand that her claims have now lapsed, as 100 years have passed without a protest. If this is so, Legitimists can now conscientiously acknowledge Edward VII. until the next revolution.

"COLLECTOR" would like to know of a stamp-club for the exchange of his specimens.

"FAIRHAIR" (Airdrie) sends criticisms of all our features. Suppose he comes and edits us for a few weeks. We are always willing to learn.

R. A. (Woolwich) is evidently in love. He disagrees with Jim Crow about kissing, and thinks coffee, roll and butter a sufficient breakfast.

R. F. B. asks if Crow knows the shape of a kiss. He says that, like old port, the dry brand is the most fruity. He adds that "the kissing of the hand may be seen daily at railway stations—an act of adoration."

R. G. B. (Aldershot) relates an incident which reminded him of "the worst period of the Jingo fever." He was listening to a military band, which struck up "God Save the King," when, "to the astonishment of the assembled crowd, a gaudily dressed officer approached and ordered some of the persons present to remove their hats, addressing them with the words, 'Remove your hats. Damned bad manners. If you don't remove your hats I will dismiss the band.' One old man did so, the rest looked at the impertinent officer and did not remove their hats, when the officer turned into the parade ground, went up to the band, and dismissed them."

V. E. (s.s. "Princess Victoria") wants a biscuit for the *Tatler* for saying the Isle of Man could be seen from Blackpool if it were not so far off. That reminds us of "the Spanish fleet you cannot see, because it is not yet in sight."

J. A. (Essex Road, N.).—Very inconsiderate of them, but you can only grumble.

"ENQUIRER" puts in a good word for contractors, and does not want their employees to be sacrificed at the altar of economy. We can only suggest a multiplication of trade unions.

G. A. (Hammersmith).—We are drawing attention to your grievance.

W. P. N. (Leytonstone) writes about "living-in." We agree with him in deprecating bad food in lieu of wages, but we are not satisfied that such a system is general, though the whole question undoubtedly needs investigation.

J. W. L. (London) suggests that we should award a biscuit to a constable who, in a recent case at Tottenham police-court, said "I consider it an insult to ask a policeman on duty to have a drink." We presume that whenever such a request is made to him he declines to swallow the insult.

CLODHOPPER (Leicester).—The *Countryman* seems an interesting sort of publication.

H. H. (London) thinks it would be better, instead of spending money in vainly endeavouring to convert the Jews, that Christians should devote their resources to a movement for christianising the Christians. We quite agree.

L. K. (Hampstead).—Thanks for copy of *Hampstead Advertiser*. The phrase is a clumsy one, but scarcely merits a biscuit.

W. G. (London) gives an interesting instance of "paying your money and taking your choice." He puts it in deadly parallel:

Star.	*Evening News.*
UNQUELCHED.	QUELCHED.
English Socialist leaves Stuttgart in a blaze of glory.	Expulsion order against Mr. Quelch carried out.

J. W. (Liverpool).—Alas! If we took notice of all the eccentricities of provincial magistrates, we should have no space for anything else.

W. B. R. (Peterborough).—Thanks for cutting. Hardly good enough for biscuit. That gnat would have had a bad time with Jim Crow.

J. McG. (Joppa). We have given a biscuit. We think "Commons rushing through Pills" is better than the version you suggest. Think it out!

G. W. (Great Yarmouth).—Thanks for excellent material for biscuit. What brand can he have been drinking?

T. G. J. (Truro).—Where does the biscuit come in? Why should not the moon shine on "the spacious water in the harbour"—or is the harbour dry?

C. H. F., E. P., C. T. N. (Devonport).—"To err is human"—and artists are but that. Thanks all the same for calling attention to the slip.

"NATIONAL FAMILY BIBLE" (Ealing).—You do not give your name and address. We quite agree with you as to the iniquity of the subscription Family Bible dodge, especially when worked by a clergyman.

F. L. (Hampstead).—We have read the explanation in the *Army Graphic*, but the fact remains, all the same, that the stranded soldier or sailor whose "unit" does not happen to be a subscriber to the Union Jack Club is none the better off for all the money that has been lavished upon that institution. Hang the licensing laws.

G. R. S. (Lothbury).—All right. "No more Roland Hamilton." Anything to oblige you. Let us know anything else you would like deleted.

"DUBIOUS."—So are we.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

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By Special Appointment.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

XXV.—FROM MANSIONS IN THE SKIES.

At a memorable conference in London the other day several of the free Methodist churches agreed to join hands and become a common church under the name of United Methodists. Of course history may be wrong. Fournier even charged Voltaire with having invented it. But as history goes, and taking it for what it is worth, there seems no reasonable doubt that John Wesley was born in 1703, and died in 1791, and that Charles Wesley, his brother, was born in 1707 and died in 1788. Yet at one of the sittings of this conference the President obtained leave to read two letters—one from Lord Knollys, on behalf of the King, and the other from the two eminent clergymen who have departed this life for so long. The President described this missive as an "extraordinary communication," and I agree with him. The Wesleys wrote a great number of letters while they were alive, but as far as my personal knowledge goes this one is the first they have written since they were dead. The Psychical Research Society, with Sir Oliver Lodge in the chair, should examine it and report.

Not only do Messrs. John and Charles Wesley write a letter to the conference, but they stick upon it a penny stamp, current issue, and send it through the post. Where they purchased the stamp, or got the penny to buy it, is "wropt in mystery." Certainly Max O'Rell always held that heaven was a British possession, but this still remains an unauthenticated allegation. It is true that the Wesleys give their address, and there is no reason to suppose that it is misleading. But I am by no means so sure that the British postman could effect delivery of a reply; it would probably be returned through the dead letter office. Even Mr. Marconi, operating a telegram along etheric waves, would probably fail to secure effective communication. Be this as it may, the letter is headed "Mansion No. 4, New Jerusalem." That is definite. It recalls a first-floor flat in a ten-story mansion Clerkenwell way. The postman enters the lift, alights on the first floor, rap-taps at No. 4, clicks the lid of the letter-box, and there you are; everything clear, correct, and up-to-date.

Under the address is the date; but here I notice a departure from the common form. It is not "6th July, 1907," or anything of that sort, but "1709 to 1907." I do not quite understand whether the letter has been a long time in writing or a long time in coming. The letter is such a short one, however, making not more than fifteen printed lines, that I incline to the view that even reckoning one word per year for the prose and one word in twenty years for the poetry, the time taken would be in excess of the physical labour and mental strain essential to the composition. If I could not write both poetry and prose more quickly than that I should soon be in New Jerusalem myself, or at all events elsewhere. Therefore there remains the other hypothesis; and having regard to the distance the letter has apparently travelled, and the probable difficulty of maintaining the lines of communication intact, taking also into account the frequent changes in the weather, it seems to me that the period of 198 years represents the time taken in travelling. No. 4 may be a little distance from the General Post Office, and the Wesleys may have just missed a clearance. But for that fact the letter might have arrived a week or two earlier.

The letter opens, "Congratulations on the union of free and progressive Methodism. We are in hearty sympathy with your best aspirations. Be sure to be true to the inner light, the larger hope, the higher criticism, and universal redemption, and victory is assured.—John and Charles Wesley." I have nothing to say as to the sentiments, and I only notice the receipt of the epistle by the conference as an earnest student of the material relations between psychic force, penny postage stamps, and the British postman. Whenever I find or hear of a dead man writing letters from the New Jerusalem or elsewhere, I always endeavour to probe the facts to their deepest deeps, or reach after them to their highest heights. Taking one consideration with another, and judging wholly by internal evidence, I grieve to state that, in my opinion, the epistle has not been written by dead Wesleys, but by a living spiritualist, and that it is neither better nor worse evidence of spirit-writing than the other thousand and one examples which from time to time have been placed before the public as genuine spirit phenomena. I shall believe in dead men buying penny postage stamps and writing epistles when I see them do it, and in the meantime I crave leave to sit in the seat of the scornful.

£3,000,000

PER ANNUM PAID BY CLIENTS IN

BROKERAGES, COMMISSIONS, STAMP DUTIES,

&c., &c.

If speculators in American and Home Railways placed their business through the

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

they would save over

£1,000,000

every year.

Here are a few of the advantages to be gained by dealing with the (now) premier firm of dealers in American and Home Railways—

NO BROKERAGE (All Stockbrokers charge brokerage).
NO COMMISSION (Most dealers charge 10 per cent. on profits).
NET OFFICIAL PRICES (We do not make prices).
DAILY SETTLEMENTS (Stock Exchange Settlements, 14 days).
1 to 10 PER CENT COVER.

Thus you can control from ten to one hundred times as much stock as you could by dealing in the House.

LIMITED LIABILITY.

This is, perhaps, the greatest advantage of all. No client can possibly get out of his depth; no client, however adverse things may be on the Stock Exchange, can lose more than the amount of his deposit, whilst if things are prosperous

His PROFITS are from 10 to 100 times greater than if he dealt through a Broker

for the simple reason that for the same money he is controlling from ten to a hundred times as much stock.

BANKERS' AND CLIENTS' REFERENCES.

The very fact of this advertisement appearing in John Bull—before the Editor of which all our credentials have been placed—is in itself proof that we act up to a high standard of commercial rectitude.

The following amounts were recently paid to clients acting on our Weekly Recommendations—

10 Cheques Average £100 each.

Cheques.	Initials.		£	s.	d.	Cheques.	Initials.		£	s.	d.
B91445	W.W.T.	...	72	0	0	B91462	A.J.	...	78	0	0
B93412	W.W.T.	...	93	0	0	C26999	A.S.R.	...	67	10	0
C21217	C.F.P.	...	104	14	0	C21765	G.H.H.	...	245	0	0
C22367	F.S.G.	...	109	0	0	515	F.S.G.	...	69	0	0
503	J.W.P.	...	93	0	0	503	S.S.F.	...	99	10	0

WE HAVE PAID AWAY OVER 1000 CHEQUES WITHIN THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

WRITE TO-DAY.

To the National Share Exchange.
Room 142, Issue Dept.
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London, E.C.

Telephon
London Wall, 718
(5 lines).
Wires: Natsharex, London.

Please forward me gratis, and post free, your list of 1,000 cheques (certified by Chartered Accountants) paid to Clients acting on your Weekly Advice. Also send me your booklet, "The Science of Money-Making," showing how, with from £3 and upwards, close upon £15,000 has recently been made, and FURNISH ME WITH LATEST ADVICE.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

Address.....

.....

RACING NOTES.

BY W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

Accustoms Them to the Rustle.

Watson always gallops his young 'uns with colours on.

Their Maher.

The best jockey in South America is Vicenti Fernandez.

Guess?

Who is the short man in the ring who lays long prices?

Chancing things.

Backing supposed "non-triers" does one good at times.

Their Mr. Thursby.

Mr. W. Langeman was the leading amateur jockey in South Africa.

Go for Size.

The public will back a very big horse—no matter what good he is.

'Ware the Back End.

When the ground is sticky top-weights really cannot give the weight away.

Consistent.

Good horses are at home on any course, despite the horses for courses theory.

Racing parlance.

One slangy way of saying anything is "good" in racing is that it is "top hole."

The opposite.

Some trainers simply never leave their horses—others see them about once a week.

Significant.

If given a reliable tip never look up the horse's form, or it is 10 to 1 you will be put off.

A Roi Herode.

In South Africa, when a horse is a much-talked-of public fancy, they call it a "boom."

Note It.

How often backers get the best of the market—but the bookmakers get the "stuff."

No retainers.

In Austria the owners change their jockeys almost as frequently as they do their suits.

Not all Winnings.

An owner has just as much—or more—bad luck with horses at home as well as "out."

It is done.

Is it not useful when the owner of a winner is a bookie who can help—if not return—the s.p.?

A "Yankee-ism."

In America they do not speak of promoting big stakes, but of having "rich prizes hung up."

Unfairly Traduced.

The trouble with most racing folk is that they won't believe people and the running *can* be honest.

No catch.

Training in many stables usually only tends to muddle a betting owner, for they all fancy their own.

True!

Few of us really know what we are going to back and how much we are going to bet until actually there.

Emotion.

Notice how some men on a stand will shout in the same breath different horses as the winners in running.

Blacking Out Betting.

No Borough Council has the right to dictate to the public what part of a newspaper it is to read or not to read.

A common practice.

How often we are all "hanging about" to "see" some one in connection with the running of a horse in a pending race!

Backers are not supposed to.

A primary rule with some bookmakers, although they do not quite put it in similar words, is No. 1—"You must not win."

The Cesarewitch key.

We never had a greater Doncaster, and, as usual, the running will have big influence upon the Autumn Handicaps.

Diamond cut diamond.

Some men are so "hot" themselves—in betting—that they are barred everywhere, and can only get on with the wrong 'uns.

How do you account for it?

Collectively, as a body, bookmakers seem to know ten times more than backers, especially regarding what is occurring as to horses' trials, or being amiss.

Watching the Money.

How many more bets are made "following" certain people betting on certain occasions than on the horses' form!

Rumour credited.

How frequently the rumour that a horse is "s.p. business" causes him to come to a fourth of his price in the ring.

Forget the S.P.

How often after a race do we blame ourselves for missing a winner on the ground "that there wasn't a shilling" for him.

A ruse!

It is often part of a plan to put horses in races where they are never intended to run, to keep the weight down for others.

The 3-Quid a Week.

There are endless reasons—not always apparent—why trainers are anxious that horses should not leave their possession.

Usually keen gamblers.

Notice the telegraph office (especially the members') on a racecourse just before a race, and you will see more ladies than men wiring.

Sentiment.

How many owners, not meaning to buy anything, have, say, a pony on a horse, take a liking to him, and then buy him under the hammer.

Hereditary.

Englishmen will go racing whatever the country they are in. You see it in France, South Africa, South America, and the Colonies generally.

Ancient Notions.

Some trainers object to pressmen visiting their stables, just as though one could not see their horses—all that was necessary—on a racecourse.

Their Doncaster.

The public are admitted free to the inside of Flemington racecourse on what is known as the flat. This is one of the conditions of the lease.

At "Open" Meetings.

When jockeys are returning to the paddock they get unmercifully "chipped" by the crowd on the course.

Compare our "Champagne."

The richest and most important two-year-old race in Australia is the Maribyrnong, run on Derby Day, in Victoria. Yet its value is only £1,500.

Channels of knowledge.

One often gets better tips, or anyhow, more winners, through sources such as "one's wife's dressmaker" or your own hairdresser than the cleverest men in the know.

The famous "Tinman."

Fred Archer headed the list of winning jockeys thirteen years in succession. The nearest to that is Morny Cannon's six seasons' premiership, but not quite consecutively.

Keep in touch.

Quite 50 per cent. of those who go racing, even occasionally, only do so because they maintain their interest by following the racing and having a casual bet now and again at s.p.

The outcome of our law.

Some bookmakers needing a nominal address abroad to accept deposits are merely arranging to have a recipient there to open communications, one agent probably acting for a dozen firms.

Encouraging gambling.

The French are proposing that each race society should have offices in the towns where bets could be made on the races of the day, in lieu of people of necessity having to attend and place the money in the totalisator.

Owners can attest.

Nearly 20 jockeys earn over £1,000 a year, according to their fees prescribed by rule, but I have yet to meet one who would ride under them or would be content with the "fiver" if he won under the retainer—and no present.

To bolster up the meeting.

We see the same stereotyped paragraphs given to a meeting relative to the superb going, splendid entries, and promise of sport at certain venues whose fixtures are pending, but it should be borne in mind that these originate from the executive themselves and are not on affidavit.

The Sportsman (July 8th, 1907) says:—
"Mr. E. W. Betts, Turf Accountant, 41, Charing Cross Road, is at the service of gentlemen wishing to do business through him. He has been established twelve years, and we do not know that there is any better guarantee of satisfactory treatment than the time test affords." All accounts, large and small, receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone No.: 9137, Gerrard.

No connection.

The managers of the two meetings which clashed last Saturday—Hurst Park and Manchester—are of similar name, Joe Davis, of Molesey fame, and John Davies, the director of Castle Irwell.

Name.

Who were the two young bloods and erstwhile owners who met accidentally last week in the corridors of the Bankruptcy Court? Both are real good sorts, and will be all the better for the experience.

Encouraging owners.

In Australian racing there are what are termed Concession entries. Nominations before a certain date are taken at a very much reduced fee compared to those made on two or three stipulated periods slightly later.

No sentiment there.

Racing in Australia is conducted in many senses very much better than here, and the stewards are even much stricter. The reason is that frequently every owner there is racing for gain as against a certain nominal few here, who can anyhow claim pure sporting instincts.

Better than they think.

It is usual for trainers to be over-sanguine, and to invariably advise owners to back their horses. But Cinderello was not thought to have the slightest chance for the big Juvenile stake which he won at Ayr last week by Robinson, despite whose advice Mr. Schiff still "threw away" a tenner each way.

Too exclusively autocratic.

Although certainly thoroughly representative among the "big-wigs" of the Turf, it can hardly be said that the Jockey Club represents the general body of breeders, owners, trainers, or those of the middle-class patrons of the Turf. This is really what the great majority feel regarding the omnipotency of the Turf authorities.

Greening.

Whilst this latest product of this season is right on the flood tide and cannot do wrong, an equally good and more experienced boy in little H. Watts, in contrast, misses his allowance-claiming days. Hallick's apprentice had a similar run to Greening's last season, but since losing the 5 lbs. seven weeks ago has not ridden a winner in some 50 tries. All have their turn.

Prophetic.

Lingfield—so as to avoid clashing with Newbury—is reduced to one day. There will be a good crowd to-day to witness what must work out as attractive racing. King's Tax should win the Amateur Riders' race,

Crusader

the Autumn Handicap, and

Cocktail,

so unlucky at Hurst Park, the Nursery.

Newbury will, as usual, be prolific sport. Dick Dawson's stable is always worth following here, and with Fanita and Lierre should win races. In the Cup what beats

Detection

will win, and I fear Royal Dream.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., London, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

TRACE AND PERCY,
15, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.

NEW BOOK of RULES, containing the Fairest and most Comprehensive Terms of any reliable firm, now ready, and will be sent post free on application.

SYSTEMS and every description of TURF BUSINESS undertaken.

LARRY LYNX, in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to Straightforwardness and Accuracy.

JAMES WEBSTER,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

THE TURF CHRONICLE, containing latest market movements on all important races, sent free on receipt of address.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments.

Bankers:—{ England—London and Westminster Bank, London. Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. Ireland—Bank of Ireland, Dublin.

Postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

REMEMBER 1902.
We paid you in full over Black Sand and Ballantrae, and we shall do the same over this year's
CESAREWITCH and CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
Send for Price List, "The Turf Record."
ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK & CO. (Dept. "P"),
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Established in 1848.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK
is presented free to any sportsman who will send a letter or postcard, asking for a copy, to THOMAS HENRY DEY, Turf Accountant and Commission Agent, MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.
It is a most invaluable publication and no racing man should be without a copy.
WRITE NOW.

A. HEATHORN
(Member of Tattersall's).
51, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.
And FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Business by correspondence only.
Terms for 1907 on receipt of address.

CHARLES LEVY,
28, REGENT ST., S.W.
Telegraphic Address: "Forejudge, London."
Telephones:
3615 Gerrard, 4190 Central.

Telegraphic Address: "Irishman, London."
Telephone: No. 5072 Gerrard.
E. C. IRISH,
7, ARGYLL STREET, W.

W. G. MORTIMER,
51, LEXINGTON STREET,
REGENT STREET, W.
Best Terms. Particulars Free.
Established 1878.

W. H. SAUNDERS'
Telegraphic Address is
"Plastering, London."

ALLDEN BROTHERS.
Usual position in Tattersall's and Small Ring at
LINGFIELD AND NEWBURY.
All Business conducted on the Course ONLY.
No Representatives and NO transactions by wire, 'phone, or letter.

TOPPING & SPINDLER,
Turf Commission Agents,
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF TURF COMMISSION AGENTS IN THE WORLD.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED ON STARTING PRICE OR ACCUMULATORS AT STARTING PRICE.
ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—
TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

MERIT SELLS MY HAIR GROWER.

I HAVE THOUSANDS OF GOOD FRIENDS throughout the world. They have never seen me, and I have never seen them; but their gratitude for recovery of their hair has taken practical shape in the recommendation of one "friend to another."

IN THIS MANNER, and not by costly extravagant advertising, my well-known Hair Grower has obtained a truly large sale. It does not profess, like so many widely advertised preparations, to be an infallible specific; yet, faithfully used according to directions, it will in many cases of long-standing Baldness, Hair Falling Out, Bald Patches, and Lack of Hair, bring back the hair in plentiful quantity, where hair recovery would seem to be hopeless.

THIS FAMOUS FORMULA has been endorsed by many noted analytical experts in England, France, Germany, and America. Letters that are continually received show that in a few days after the first application new hair begins to grow, and continues until a healthy, strong permanent growth is manifest.

MINE SUCCEEDS WHERE ALL OTHERS FAIL.

I DO NOT ASK YOU TO BELIEVE this statement merely because I state it, but invite your perusal of the following letters, promiscuously selected from the hundreds of similar recommendatory letters which are constantly reaching me from all parts of the world, testifying to the remarkable benefits which have resulted from the use of my TRUE HAIR GROWER. I have omitted to print the full name and address for obvious reasons, but they ARE ALL GENUINE and open to the fullest investigation, and every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. TO EVERY THINKING PERSON THIS UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY MUST CARRY CONVICTION.

SOME REMARKABLE LETTERS.

HEAD COVERED WITH BALD PATCHES.

Penylan, Nr. Ruabon.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done excellent work. My head was covered with bald patches, and the doctor told me that the hair would never grow again, but with using your true hair grower, no one can see where the patches have been. I am doing my best to recommend it to my friends.

Yours truly, W.J.

CAME OUT IN COMBFULS.

Hertford.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to add my testimony to the value of your preparation. My wife was suffering for some time from a scurfy head and the hair came out in combfuls. All the remedies tried were of no avail, but seeing your advertisement decided to give your preparation a trial, and the effect has been marvellous. The hair has grown thick and strong with no falling off, and the scurf has completely disappeared.

Yours truly, A.B.

DONE WHAT OTHERS FAILED TO DO.

Ellington Road, Ramsgate.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to tell you that your True Hair Grower has made my hair grow splendidly. It is the best, for it has done what other so-called hair restorers have failed to do.

Yours faithfully, E.H.

HAIR GROWN BEAUTIFULLY.

Broxburn, N.B.

DEAR SIR,—I had a spot on the side of my head which became quite bare. I tried various other hair preparations but with no result. I sent for a trial box of your pomade in a very sceptical mood. This box convinced me there was merit in your formula, and I sent for a larger box. Now I can gratefully tell you the hair has grown beautifully, and I will most gladly reply to any enquirers giving my experience of your True Hair Grower.

Yours very sincerely, R.S.

WAS COMPLETELY BALD.

Pring Street, Sydney.

DEAR SIR,—I lost my hair in the year 1878, and although I tried a good many preparations, yours is the only one that produced good results. I have used it for the past three months, and my head is now covered with hair. I have every faith in your wonderful hair grower, as I have proved it is good. Yours faithfully, J.D.

NOTHING ELSE DID GOOD.

Epsom Road, Guildford.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I have not written before to thank you for your preparation. I had tried everything but nothing did my hair any good until I got your True Hair Grower. I am telling all my friends about your compound, as I am only too pleased to have obtained success at last.

Yours faithfully, M.M.

HAIR NOW THICK AND CURLY.

Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

DEAR SIR,—It is but just, I think, to let you know how successful your hair grower has been in my case. After being in India for many years my hair became quite thin and lifeless. I tried all sorts of stuff, but nothing did it any good until I got your preparation. It has made a great change indeed, and my hair is now full and curly, and as thick as ever it was.

Yours faithfully, J.F.P.

QUITE SATISFIED.

Ecclesall, Sheffield.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done my hair more good than anything I have ever tried. I am quite satisfied as to the results of using it, and will gladly recommend to all my friends.

Yours truly, J.D.

HAIR FALLING FOR 3½ YEARS.

Lichfield, Staffs.

DEAR SIR,—I hardly know how to express my great thanks for the benefit I have received from your preparation. My hair had been falling out for three and a half years, and I had tried several other preparations but without the slightest sign of success. When first I saw your advertisement I put it down as a fake like the others, but I sent for a trial box and you can imagine my surprise and delight when after the sixth application I saw new hair appearing.—Wishing you every success, Gratefully yours, J.P.P.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, but after applying your pomade it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places, therefore I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so. Yours truly, F. C.

FIRST BOX MADE THE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK

Eastbourne.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessary to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to anyone on any further occasion.—With best wishes for your business,

Yours truly, J. SIMPKIN.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES.

6d

LARGE TRIAL BOX

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

Expert Advice to Callers Free.

ADDRESS—

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 189w, Craven House, OPPOSITE BRITISH MUSEUM, London.

"Plain words make the most ornamental sentences"

You see what I mean!

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For meaning of this number see page 1.